THE

WORLD.

BY

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

——Facta est immensi copia Mundi.

OVID.

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MDCCLV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq;

SIR,

AS you have been so partial to these papers as to think them in some degree serviceable to morality, or at least, to those inferior duties of life which the FRENCH call *les petites morales*; and as you have shewn the sincerity of this opinion by the support

you

you have given to them, I beg leave to prefix your name to this third volume, and to ſubſcribe myſelf,

SIR,

Your Obliged

and Moſt Faithful

Humble Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

THE WORLD.

NUMB. 70. THURSDAY, *May* 2, 1754.

Ψυχης Ιατρειον.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOUR correſpondent in your ſixty third paper has, I muſt confeſs, ſhewn no leſs ingenuity than the duke de Vivonne did wit in his celebrated anſwer to Lewis the fourteenth, upon that king's aſking him at table, *Mais à quoi ſert de lire? La lecture*, ſaid the duke, *fait à l'eſprit ce que vos perdrix font à mes joües.* But whatever new doctrine theſe gentlemen are pleaſed to broach, that BOOKS are the FOOD of the MIND, I muſt beg leave to ſay, that they have from time immemorial been called PHYSIC, not

FOOD: and for this I appeal to the famous inſcription on the Alexandrian library, which I have placed at the head of my letter, PHYSIC FOR THE SOUL.

FOR my own part, I can truly ſay that I have conſidered all books as PHYSIC from my earlieſt youth; and ſo indeed have moſt of my ſchool-fellows and acquaintance, and nauſeated them accordingly: nor can any of us at this time endure the ſight or touch of them, not even a preſent from the author, unleſs it be as thoroughly gilt as the moſt loathſome pill, or qualified and made palatable by the ſyrup of a dedication.

THOSE who have endeavoured to conquer this diſguſt, have given the moſt forcible proofs of the truth of my argument: many of them, by venturing to preſcribe to themſelves, have ſo injudiciouſly taken their potions, that their minds have been thrown into various ill habits and diſorders. Some have fallen into ſo lax a ſtate, that they could neither digeſt nor keep any thing whatſoever. Nay, I have been acquainted with ſuch as have taken the moſt innocent and ſalutary of theſe medicines, but by over-doſing themſelves, and making

making no allowance for their own corrupt and acrimonious humours, have fallen into the moſt violent agitations, diſcharging ſuch a quantity of undigeſted and virulent matter, that they have poiſoned the neighbourhood round. Some, only upon taking the quantity of a few pages, have ſtared, raved, foamed at the mouth, and diſcovered all the ſymptoms of madneſs; while the very ſame doſe has had the contrary effect upon others, operating only as an opiate.

THE true and genuine FOOD of the MIND is NEWS. That this is inconteſtible, appears from the numbers of ſouls in this metropolis who ſubſiſt entirely upon this diet, without the leaſt addition of any other nouriſhment whatſoever. In all ages and countries the poets have conſtantly deſcribed the avidity with which it is taken, by the figurative expreſſions of eating or drinking. Shakeſpear uſes a more general term:

With open mouth SWALLOWING *a taylor's* NEWS.

Another witty author calls NEWS the MANNA of the day: alluding to that food with which the Iſraelites were ſupplied in the wilderneſs

from day to day, and which in a very little time became ſtale and corrupt: as indeed providence has in its wiſdom ordained that all kinds of ſuſtenance ſhall be in their nature corruptible, to remind man continually of the dependency of his ſtate on earth. Whereas PHYSIC (particularly of the modern chymical preparation) preſerves its efficacy and virtues uncorrupted and unimpaired by time; a property it has in common with BOOKS; which never ſuffer by age, provided they are originally well compoſed, and of good ingredients. The principal of theſe ingredients are generally thought to be wit; and I fancy, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by the quantity of it with which you now and then ſeaſon your ſpeculations, that you have adopted that opinion. But let me tell you, ſir, that though my ſuppoſition ſhould be true, you are in the wrong to rely upon it too much: for though this ſeaſoning ſhould happen to preſerve them for the admiration of future times, it is certainly your buſineſs to accommodate yourſelf to the taſte of the preſent. If therefore you would make ſure of cuſtomers, give us NEWS; for which there is as conſtant a demand as for daily bread:

and as for your wit, which is a luxury, treat it as the Dutch do their ſpices; burn half of it, and you may poſſibly render the remaining half of ſome value. But if you produce all you have for the market, you will ſoon find it become a mere drug, and bear no price.

I am,

Your friend and well-wiſher,

A. B.

I HAVE publiſhed this letter juſt as I received it: and as a proof that my correſpondent is not ſingular in his opinion of wit, I muſt obſerve that the ſagacious author of the late excellent abridgment of the hiſtory of France expreſſes a doubt that the preſent age may depreciate wit as the laſt exploded learning. "*Prenons garde que le* 18me *ſiecle* "*ne decrie l'eſprit, come le* 17me *avoit decrié* "*l'erudition.*"

THE ſixteenth century produced the greateſt number of men of the moſt profound erudition: and notwithſtanding thoſe of the ſeventeenth deſpiſed them for their laborious ap-

plication, it is evident that it was owing to thoſe labours that their ſucceſſors attained their knowledge with ſo much eaſe.

TOWARDS the end of the laſt century, ſome poſſeſſed, and many affected, a pure taſte in literature; and ſetting up for a ſtandard the writings of the ancients, very liberally rewarded thoſe who imitated them the neareſt in chaſtity of compoſition. But no ſooner had monſieur Galland tranſlated the Arabian tales, than the whole French nation ran mad, and would never after read any thing but wretched imitations of their moſt wild extravagances: for it ought to be obſerved, that ſome of thoſe original ſtories contain uſeful morals, and well-drawn pictures from common life: and it may be to thoſe ſtories, perhaps, that we owe that ſpecies of writing which is at once ſo entertaining and inſtructive; and in which a very eminent wit, to the honour of this nation, has ſhewn himſelf ſo incomparably ſuperior in drawing natural characters. But theſe were not the parts which had the fortune to pleaſe: the enchantments, the monſters and transformations engaged all their attention; inſomuch that the famous count Hamilton,

Hamilton, with a pleaſant indignation at this folly, wrote a tale of wonders, with deſign to ridicule theſe idle books by an aggravated imitation; but with an effect ſo directly contrary to his intention, that to this day, France is continually producing little pieces of that extravagant turn; while England, that land of liberty, equally indifferent to works of wit, and encouraging the licentiouſneſs of the old comedy, can reliſh nothing but perſonal character, or wanton romance. Hence ariſes that ſwarm of memoirs, all filled with abuſe or impurity, which, whatever diſtinctions my preſent correſpondent may make with relation to FOOD and PHYSIC, are the POISON of the MIND.

THE beſt antidote to this poiſon, and the moſt ſalutary in every reſpect, is that ſpecies of writing which may properly be termed REGIMEN; which partaking of the qualities both of PHYSIC and FOOD, at once cleanſes and ſuſtains the patient. Such have I ſtudied to make theſe my papers; which are therefore neither given daily for ſuſtenance, nor occaſionally as medicine, but regularly and weekly as an ALTERATIVE. I have been extremely careful

in the compoſition, that there ſhall not be wanting a proper quantity of ſweet, acid and ſalt; yet ſo juſtly proportioned, as not to cloy, ſour, or lacerate the weakeſt ſtomach. The ſucceſs I have met with will be better proved by the atteſtations of my patients, than by any boaſts of my own. Out of many hundreds of theſe atteſtations, I ſhall content myſelf at preſent with only publiſhing the following.

Extract of a Letter from Bath.

SIR,

I CAN aſſure you with the greateſt truth, that my three eldeſt daughters were for more than a whole winter moſt ſtrangely affected with a NAKEDNESS in the SHOULDERS, inſomuch that the thinneſt and ſlighteſt covering whatſoever was almoſt inſupportable, eſpecially in public. The beſt advice in the place was procured, but the diſeaſe increaſed with ſo much violence, that many expreſſed their opinion that every part of the body was in danger of the infection. At laſt, when nothing elſe would do, they were prevailed upon to enter into a regular courſe of your papers, and in a very few weeks, to the ſurpriſe of

every-

everybody in the rooms, were perfectly cured. I therefore beg of you, good ſir, to let the bearer have thirty dozen of the papers, for which he will pay you.

I am,

SIR,

&c.

THE original letter, ſealed with a coronet, may be ſeen at Mr. Dodſley's in Pall-Mall.

NUMB. 71. THURSDAY, *May* 9, 1754.

Ne ſcuticâ dignum horribili ſectêre flagello.

HOR.

I FLATTER myſelf it muſt have been frequently remarked, that I have hitherto executed the office I have undertaken without any of that harſhneſs which may deſerve the name of ſatire, but on the contrary, with that gentle and good-humoured ridicule, which rather indicates the wiſhes of paternal tenderneſs, than the dictates of magiſterial autho-

rity. My edicts carry nothing with them penal. After I have ſpent five pages out of ſix to ſhew that the ladies diſfigure their perſons, and the gentlemen their parks and gardens, by too much art, I make no other concluſion, but by coolly informing them, that each would be more beautiful, if nature was leſs diſguiſed.

A CERTAIN great traveller, happening to take Florence in one of his tours, was much careſſed and admired by the Great Duke. The variety of countries he had ſeen, and his vivacity in deſcribing the cuſtoms, manners and characters of their inhabitants, rendered him highly entertaining. But it happened a little unfortunately that he had taken a fancy to adopt one of the faſhions of the eaſt, that of wearing whiſkers; which he did in the fulleſt and largeſt extent of the mode. The Great Duke could by no means reliſh this faſhion; and as conſtantly as he finiſhed his ſecond bottle, his diſguſt would break out, though never with greater harſhneſs than in the following words. "Signor Giramondo, "I am not duke of Tuſcany while you wear "thoſe whiſkers." In like manner I ſay, I

am

am not Adam Fitz-Adam while the ladies wear ſuch enormous hoops, ſuch ſhort petticoats, and ſuch vaſt patches near the left eye; or while gentlemen ruin their fortunes and conſtitutions by play, or deform the face of nature by the fopperies of art.

THE moderation of the duke of Tuſcany, who, with the help of a pair of ſciſſars, might ſo eaſily have removed the object which at once offended and degraded him, is greatly to be preferred to the tyranny of Procruſtes, whoſe delicate eye for proportion was apt to take ſuch offence at an over-grown perſon, that he would order him to be ſhortened to the juſt ſtandard, by cutting off his feet. But a tyrannical ſyſtem cannot be laſting: and violent meaſures muſt deſtroy that harmony which I am deſirous ſhould long ſubſiſt between me and thoſe whom I have undertaken to govern, even were it probable that I could carry ſuch meaſures into execution. But nothing expoſes weakneſs ſo much as threats which we are not able to enforce. It is told us in the Acts "that forty of the Jews bound "themſelves under a curſe, that they would "neither eat nor drink till they had killed "Paul."

"Paul." We hear no more of thoſe Jews, though the apoſtle ſurvived their menaces. I flatter myſelf that I have no leſs zeal for the aboliſhing of folly and falſe taſte; yet I am ſo far from uttering any ſuch threats, that I very frankly confeſs I intend to eat and drink as heartily as if there was no ſuch thing as folly remaining in the world. My enemies, indeed, have been pleaſed to throw out, that it is owing to my deſire of continuing to gratify thoſe appetites, that I have not long ago entirely ſuppreſſed all folly whatſoever. They make no ſcruple of aſſerting, that there would not have been ſo much as a patch, pompon, or Chineſe rail remaining amongſt us, if I had not thought proper to borrow a piece of policy from the rat-catchers, who ſuffer a ſmall part of the vermin to eſcape, that their trade may not be at an end. But I muſt take the liberty of acquainting theſe gentlemen, that they know as little of me, as of human nature: the chace after folly being like hunting a witch; if you run her down in one ſhape, ſhe ſtarts up in another; ſo that there is no manner of danger that the game will be deſtroyed. And I moſt ſolemnly declare,

declare, that wherever I have ſeen a beautiful face, or a fine garden, very groſsly deformed by injudicious attempts at amendment, I have laboured with the greateſt earneſtneſs to effect a reformation. But where the conduct of my pupils, though ſometimes faulty in itſelf, has been harmleſs in its conſequences, I have conſtantly forborn, and will as conſtantly forbear, an officious reprehenſion of it, however diſagreeable ſuch forbearance may appear in the eyes of theſe gentlemen.

It is upon this plan that I have ſuppreſſed innumerable complaints from ſplenetic and ill-humoured correſpondents: as a ſpecimen of which complaints, I ſhall lay before my readers the beginnings of ſome of their letters.

SIR,

I AM greatly offended at the inconſiſtent behaviour of a lady of my acquaintance. You ſee her in the morning at St. James's church, and in the evening at the play-houſe in Drury-lane. One would think that either religion ſhould drive plays out of her head, or plays religion. Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, tell her how abſurd——

SIR,

SIR,

I TROUBLE you with this letter to make my complaints of a very great evil, and to desire your animadverſions upon it. I returned yeſterday from a month's viſit to a family in the country, where, in every particular but one, we paſſed our time as became reaſonable beings. When the weather was good we walked abroad; when bad, we amuſed ourſelves within doors either with entertaining converſation, or inſtructive books. But it was the cuſtom of the family (though in all other reſpects very worthy people) conſtantly to play at cards for a whole hour before ſupper. Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, this method of killing time———

SIR,

I AM ſhocked at the indecency of the modern head-dreſs. Do the ladies intend to lay aſide all modeſty and go naked? ———

THIS is the manner in which undiſtinguiſhing zeal treats things that are in themſelves indifferent: for is it not matter of abſolute indifference whether a lady wears on her head a becoming ornament of clean lace, or her own hair? Or if there be any preference, would it

not be ſhewn both from nature and experience to be on the ſide of the hair?

Num tu, quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes
Permutare velis crine Licyniæ?

HORACE, we ſee, prefers a beautiful head of hair to the riches of a king. But I cannot help giving it as my opinion, that Licynia's hair flowed in natural ringlets, without being tortured by irons, or confined by innumerable pins. Yet though I have ſeen with patience the cap diminiſhing to the ſize of a patch, I have not with the ſame unconcern obſerved the patch enlarging itſelf to the ſize of a cap. It is with great ſorrow that I already ſee it in poſſeſſion of that beautiful maſs of blue which borders upon the eye. Should it increaſe on the ſide of that exquiſite feature, what an eclipſe have we to dread! But ſurely it is to be hoped the ladies will not give up that place to a plaiſter, which the brighteſt jewel in the univerſe would want luſtre to ſupply.

I FIND that I am almoſt inſenſibly got upon the only ſubject which is likely to move my indignation,

dignation, and carry me beyond the bounds of that moderation which I have boaſted of above. I ſhall therefore conclude this paper with offering terms of compoſition to thoſe of my fair readers who are willing to treat with me. The firſt is, that all thoſe young ladies, who find it difficult to wean themſelves from patches all at once, ſhall be allowed to wear them, in what number, ſize and figure they pleaſe, on ſuch parts of the body as are, or ſhould be, moſt covered from ſight. The ſecond (and I ſhall offer no more) is, that any lady, who happens to prefer the ſimplicity of ſuch ornaments to the glare of her jewels, ſhall, upon diſpoſing of the ſaid jewels for the benefit of the Foundling or any other hoſpital, be permitted to wear (by way of publiſhing her good deeds to the world) as many patches on her face as ſhe has contributed hundreds of pounds to ſo laudable a benefaction. By purſuing this method, the public will be benefited, and patches, though no ornament, will be an honour to the ſex.

NUMB. 72. THURSDAY, *May* 16, 1754.

Ne cures ea quæ ſtulté miraris & optas,
Diſcere & audire & meliori credere non vis. HOR.

IT is an obſervation of the duke de Rochefaucault, "that there are many people in the "world who would never have been in love, if "they had never heard talk of it." As ſtrange as this aſſertion may appear, there is nothing more certain than that mankind purſue with much greater ardor what they are talked into an admiration of, than what they are prompted to by natural paſſions: nay, ſo great is the infatuation, that we frequently ſee them relinquiſhing real gratifications, for the ſake of following ideal notions, or the accidental mode of thinking of the preſent times.

THE ſtory of the princeſs Parizade in the Arabian tales, is a proper illuſtration of what I have here advanced. I ſhall give my readers a ſhort abſtract of this ſtory, as it may furniſh matter for reflection, and a very uſeful moral,

to

to ſuch of them as regulate their whole conduct, and even their deſires by FASHION.

THIS princeſs, the happieſt as well as moſt beautiful of her ſex, lived with her two beloved brothers in a ſplendid palace, ſituated in the midſt of a delightful park, and the moſt exquiſite gardens of the eaſt. It happened one day, while the princes were hunting, that an old woman came to the gate, and deſired admittance to the oratory, that ſhe might ſay her prayers. The princeſs no ſooner knew of her requeſt than ſhe granted it, giving orders to her attendants, that after the good woman's prayers were ended, they ſhould ſhew her all the apartments of the palace, and then bring her into the hall where ſhe herſelf was ſitting. Every thing was performed as directed; and the princeſs, having regaled her gueſt with ſome fruits and ſweetmeats, among many other queſtions, aſked her what ſhe thought of the palace.

"MADAM," anſwered the old woman, "your palace is beautiful, regular, and magnificently furniſhed; its ſituation is delightful, and its gardens are beyond compare. But yet, if you will give me leave to ſpeak freely, there are three things wanting

"to

"to make it perfect" ——— "My good mo-
"ther," interrupted the princeſs Parizade,
"what are thoſe three things? I conjure you
"in God's name to tell me what they are;
"and if there be a poſſibility of obtaining
"them, neither difficulties nor dangers ſhall
"ſtop me in the attempt." "Madam," re-
plied the old woman, "the firſt of theſe three
"things is the Talking Bird, the ſecond is the
"Singing Tree, and the third is the Yellow
"or Golden Water." "Ah, my good mo-
"ther," cried the princeſs, "how much am I
"obliged to you for the knowledge of theſe
"things! They are no doubt the greateſt cu-
"rioſities in the world; and unleſs you can tell
"me where they are to be found, I am the
"moſt unhappy of women." The old wo-
man ſatisfied the princeſs in that material
point, and then took her leave.

THE ſtory goes on to inform us, that when the two princes returned from hunting, they found the princeſs Parizade ſo wrapt up in thought, that they imagined ſome great miſfortune had befallen her, which when they had conjured her to acquaint them with, ſhe only lifted up her eyes to look upon them, and then fixed

fixed them again upon the ground, telling them nothing diſturbed her. The entreaties of the two princes, however, at laſt prevailed, and the princeſs addreſſed them in the following manner.

"You have often told me, my dear bro-
"thers, and I have always believed, that this
"houſe, which our father built, was complete
"in every thing; but I have learnt this day
"that it wants three things; theſe are the
"Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the
"Yellow Water. An old woman has made
"this diſcovery to me, and told me the place
"where they are to be found, and the way
"thither. Perhaps you may look upon theſe
"rarities as trifles; but think what you
"pleaſe, I am fully perſuaded that they are ab-
"ſolutely neceſſary; and whether you value
"them or not, I cannot be eaſy without
"them."

The ſequel tells us, that after the princeſs Parizade had expreſſed herſelf with this proper ſpirit upon the occaſion, the brothers, in pity to her wants, went in purſuit of theſe NECESSARIES, and that failing in the enterpriſe, they were one after another turned into ſtone.

The

THE application of this tale is ſo univerſal, that the enumerating particulars is almoſt an unneceſſary labour. The whole faſhionable world are ſo many Parizades; and things not only uſeleſs in their natures, but alſo ugly in themſelves, from having been once termed CHARMING by ſome faſhionable leaders of modern taſte, are now become ſo NECESSARY that *nobody can do without them.*

BUT though this ſtory happens to be told of a lady, the folly it particularizes is chiefly to be found in the other ſex: I mean, in reſpect to the pernicious conſequences attending vain and chimerical purſuits.

IF we enter into the ſtricteſt examination of theſe idle longings in the women, we ſhall find that they ſeldom amount to any thing more than a diſſipation of their pin-money, without any other ill conſequence than that of turning their thoughts from ſome real good, which they actually poſſeſs, to an imaginary expectation. The paſſion for ſhells, old china, and the like, is confeſſedly trifling; but it is only blameable in proportion to the anxiety with which it is purſued: but what is this in com-

compariſon of the deſolation of ambition, the waſte of magnificence, and the ruin of play?

MADAME Monteſpan's coach and ſix mice was not a more idle, though it was a leſs miſchievous folly, than the armies of her lover, Lewis the fourteenth. The ambition of that monarch to emulate the conquerors of antiquity; of Cæſar to rival Alexander; of Alexander to reſemble the hero of his darling poem, the Iliad; the deſigns of Pyrrhus, and the projects of Xerxes; what were they but counterparts to a paſſion for the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water?

To deſcend a little into private life, how many do we ſee daily talked into a rage for building, gardening, painting, and divers other expences, to the embarraſſing a fortune which would more than ſufficiently ſupply the neceſſaries of life? Among the numbers who have changed a ſober plan of living for one of riot and exceſs, the greateſt part have been converted by the arguments in a drinking ſong. Thouſands have taken the ſame fruitleſs and expenſive journey, becauſe they have heard that it is very JOHN TROTT not to have viſited France, and that a perſon who has not been

been abroad has SEEN NOTHING. I was once told by a gentleman, who had undone himſelf by keeping running horſes, that he owed his ruin to a ſtrong impreſſion made upon him, when a boy, by his father's butler, who happened to declare in his hearing, "that it was a "creditable thing to keep good cattle; and "that if he was a gentleman, he ſhould take "great pleaſure in being always well mount-"ed."

BUT to apply our fable to the moſt recent inſtance of this ſpecies of infatuation, how often have we ſeen an honeſt country gentleman, who has lived a truly happy life, bleſſed in his family, amuſed with his farms and gardens, entertained by his own beneficence, uſefully employed in the adminiſtration of juſtice, or in reconciling the differences of his litigious neighbours; but who being talked into an opinion of the great ſervice a man might do his country, as well as honour to himſelf by getting into parliament, has given up all his real enjoyments and uſeful occupations for this imaginary phantom, which has only taught him by experience, what he might have learnt from example, that the FAMILY

INTEREST,

INTEREST, as it is called, is too often the deſtruction of the FAMILY ESTATE.

As to all thoſe gentlemen who have gained their elections, I moſt ſincerely wiſh them joy: and for thoſe who have been diſappointed, and who now may have leiſure to turn their thoughts from their country to themſelves, I beg leave to recommend to them the pleaſures, and I may add, the duties of domeſtic life: in compariſon of which all other advantages are nothing more than the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water.

NUMB. 73. THURSDAY, *May* 23, 1754.

——— *Ille potens ſui*
Lætuſque degit, cui licet in diem
Dixiſſe, VIXI: *cras vel atrâ*
Nube polum Pater occupato,
Vel ſole puro: non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro eſt, efficiet. ——— HOR.

IT was the ſaying of Epaminondas, upon being aſked which of all his friends he eſteemed moſt, that "they muſt all die be-

"fore

"fore ſuch a queſtion could be anſwered." But if Epaminondas had lived in this country, and in theſe times, he would have known that the greateſt heroes at their deaths, are frequently thoſe who have been the greateſt villains in their lives. And yet moſt men are apt to think like Epaminondas, and to paſs their judgments upon a man's life from what he has ſaid and acted in the laſt ſcene of it; that ſeaſon being thought the ſeaſon of ſincerity, becauſe diſſimulation is to no purpoſe, and becauſe the conſcience finds eaſe in diſcloſing crimes which can no longer profit us, and which threaten us with deſtruction in the ſtate to which we are haſtening, unleſs truly confeſſed and repented of in this. But of thoſe who die in their beds, as well as malefactors, I have known and heard of many debauched and diſſolute men, who have met death with the utmoſt patience and reſignation; while the pious and moral chriſtian, whoſe life has been ſpent in the conſtant exerciſe of religion and virtue, has beheld its approaches with confuſion; and from a conſciouſneſs of not having done exactly as he ought to have done

upon every occaſion, has died fearful and deſponding.

FROM hence it will appear that thoſe who judge of men's lives by their behaviour at their deaths, will be ſometimes miſtaken. The contempt of death may be owing in many to inſenſibility; in ſome to a brutal courage; in others to the diſlike of life; in a few to philoſophy, as well as in many to a well-grounded hope of a happy hereafter. The jeſt of ſir Thomas Moore upon the ſcaffold, who after laying his head upon the block, bad the executioner ſtay till he had put aſide his beard, becauſe *that* had committed no treaſon, was no more a proof of the goodneſs of his life (if there had been no other voucher) than that of the murderer at the gallows, who entreated the hangman not to touch his neck with his fingers, becauſe he was tickliſh. The thief, for the reputation of dying hard, as it is called, and the philoſopher, to ſupport the doctrine he has taught, that death is no evil, will ruſh into eternity with an affected bravery, and offend Heaven rather than confeſs their apprehenſions of diſſolution.

MEN

MEN are ſometimes hypocrites in their laſt moments through pride, as they have been all their lives through intereſt; nor will it appear ſtrange that they are ſo: for as every man is deſirous (if it can be done without much trouble) of leaving a good name behind him, he is unwilling to confeſs at his death that he has been a rogue all his life. Upon principles like theſe have the worſt of criminals gone to the gallows with as much triumph and exultation, as the martyrs of old did to the ſtake for the cauſe of Heaven and religion.

FOR my own part (and I hope it will not be imputed to me as preſumption) I ſhould think of death with much greater terror than I do, if I conſidered it as the final end of being. The thought of annihilation to one whoſe life has not been marked with any of the capital vices, and whoſe frailties, he humbly hopes, are no more than thoſe which are incident to humanity; who has been unprofitable to his MAKER becauſe he was human, and to mankind becauſe unfriended by fortune; and whoſe connections in this life have been ſuch as to make him deſirous of their eternal duration; I ſay, to one who thus thinks, and who

hopes he has thus lived, the thought of annihilation would make death moſt terrible. And yet in the circle of my own acquaintance, I have found a man of a decent life and converſation, who wiſhed well to everybody, and who loved and enjoyed his friends, but who, through a tedious and painful illneſs, had conceived ſleep to be ſo great a bleſſing as to make him wiſh for an eternity of it; and having taken pains to believe that death was ſuch a ſleep, he talked of it with pleaſure, and within a very few hours of his exit, as a confirmation that he died in the opinion he had profeſſed, he wrote the following epitaph upon himſelf, and directed it to a friend with his own hand.

Beneath this ſtone, to worms a prey,
(Himſelf as poor and vile as they)
EUGENIO *lies, in hopes of* REST,
Who deem'd all farther hope a jeſt:
Who ne'er on Fancy's wings could riſe
To heav'n-built domes above the ſkies;
Content from whence he ſprung to lie,
Nor wiſh'd to live, nor fear'd to die.

I SHALL

I SHALL only obſerve upon the writer of this epitaph, that as I believe him to have been honeſt and ſincere, it is but charity to hope that he is now rejoicing in his miſtake.

THERE is nothing more true in the general, than that thoſe people are the moſt averſe to death, who have had the leaſt enjoyment of life; as on the contrary, thoſe who have enjoyed life moſt, have been the leaſt anxious about dying. To many of my readers ſuch an aſſertion as this may appear ſtrange and unaccountable: but a very little enquiry will I believe convince them of the fact.

MEN who, through neceſſitous circumſtances, gloomy diſpoſitions, or ſickly habits of body, have lived in perpetual diſcontent, are apt to flatter themſelves that life is in arrears to them; that as their days have hitherto paſſed without enjoyment, every thing is to be made up to them before they come to die. They look upon riches, pleaſure and health, to be bleſſings that never tire, and conſider the poſſeſſors of them as living in a ſtate of uninterrupted happineſs, which they long to taſte, and cannot bear the thoughts of dying before they have enjoyed. Thus are the miſerable in love

with life, and afraid of death. Hope ſtill flatters them with happy days; and death that would inevitably cut off that hope, is beheld by them as the cruelleſt of all enemies.

LET us caſt an eye now to thoſe in happier ſituations; to thoſe who are contented with their lot, and who (if there are any ſuch) have lived all their days in health, chearfulneſs and affluence. What can to-morrow bring to ſuch as theſe that they have not known before, unleſs it be misfortune? It is from this conſideration that ſuch perſons are more reſigned to dying. We part more eaſily with what we poſſeſs, than with our expectations of what we wiſh for: the reaſon of it is, that what we expect is always greater than what we enjoy. And hence it is that the enjoyment of life makes us leſs deſirous of its continuance, than if it had hitherto given us nothing, and fed us only with expectation.

I HAVE waved in this place all conſiderations of a future exiſtence, and have conſidered the happy and unhappy only in regard to this life. If we take religion and a future ſtate into the queſtion, the happy here will have a thouſand times ſtronger reaſons for being reſigned

ſigned to death than the unhappy. Pain, ſickneſs and misfortune, as they do not wean us from a love of life, ſo neither do they beget in us a proper frame and temper to prepare for death. It is the enjoyment of life that calls forth our gratitude to HIM who gave it; that opens the heart to acts of kindneſs and benevolence: and by giving us a taſte here of the happineſs of Heaven, excites in us a deſire of ſecuring it through ETERNITY; and by thus ſecuring it, makes us eager to embrace it; enabling us to reſign with joy the happineſs which is uncertain and temporal, for that which is without change and without end.

I SHALL conclude this eſſay with obſerving, that thoſe who make religion to conſiſt in the contempt of this world and its enjoyments, are under a very fatal and dangerous miſtake. As life is the gift of HEAVEN, it is religion to enjoy it. He therefore who can be happy in himſelf, and who contributes all that is in his power towards the happineſs of others (and none but the virtuous can ſo BE and ſo DO) anſwers moſt effectually the ends of his creation, is an honour to his nature, and a pattern to mankind.

NUMB. 74. THURSDAY, *May* 30, 1754.

Dicetur meritâ Nox quoque nœniâ. HOR.

I HAVE lately got a ſet of new correſpondents; and have had the favour of letters from various perſons, with whom I have not the honour to be in the leaſt acquainted. They ſeem, indeed, to be of another order of beings, as they ſeldom make their appearance till the ordinary race of mortals are aſleep in their beds. It is aſtoniſhing to think how much buſineſs theſe people carry on in this populous city, at that ſeaſon which nature has allotted for reſt: for it muſt be owned of theſe children of the night, that they are as diligent in their ſeveral callings as thoſe of the day.

FOR the entertainment of my readers I ſhall lay before them the contents of ſome of theſe extraordinary diſpatches: and as I look upon the watchmen, by virtue of their office, to have the right of precedency among theſe ſons of darkneſs,

darkneſs, I ſhall give them the preference in this paper.

One of theſe gentlemen, who calls himſelf king of the night, complains of the great increaſe of riots and diſturbances which happen nightly in the ſtreets of this metropolis. He commends his Majeſty for the paternal care he has ſhewn of his people by recommending it to his parliament to provide means of putting a ſtop to theſe diſorders; and declares he will uſe his utmoſt endeavours to aſſiſt him in ſo good a work.

Another of this venerable fraternity, who it ſeems has been lately diſciplined by a ſet of Bucks, acquaints me with the antiquity and dignity of his office, and of the high eſteem in which thoſe who watch for the public ſafety have always been held by the people. He complains of the inſult which, in his perſon, has been offered to the dignity of magiſtracy, and the ſacredneſs of office; and concludes, that as he has ſerved his country faithfully in this public capacity many years, he intends, after the example of other great men, to return to his private calling of a cobler. A link-boy, indeed, who begs my honour would prefer

him to the poſt of a watchman, does not ſeem to have ſo high a notion of the dignity or uſefulneſs of that ancient order: for he ſays, if he ſhould be ſo happy as to obtain his deſire, he ſhall have nothing to do but to ſleep at his ſtand; whereas in his preſent calling he is obliged to be upon the watch all night long.

WHETHER the author of the following advertiſement is in jeſt or earneſt, I am unable to determine: however at his requeſt I have inſerted it.

"WHEREAS W. Y. who lately kept the "ROUND-HOUSE in the pariſh of ***, "well known to ſeveral of the quality, gen-"try and others, is lately removed to the "KNAVE of CLUBS in] the ſame ſtreet; this "is to intreat all ſuch gentlemen and ladies as "uſed to honour him with their company, to "continue their favours; and to aſſure them "of the ſame civility and good uſage as for-"merly.

"*N. B.* There are private rooms for thoſe "who play deep."

INNUMERABLE are the letters, cards and meſſages which I have received from places of the moſt polite reſort. In particular I muſt confeſs

confeſs my obligations to a venerable matron in Covent-garden, who invites me to ſpend an evening at her houſe, where ſhe aſſures me none but people of the beſt faſhion are admitted. She ſpeaks much in my praiſe for my endeavours to promote virtue; and is extremely ſevere upon the low and dirty houſes of intrigue which have brought that part of the town into ſo much diſrepute. She adds very obligingly, in a poſtſcript, that ſhe has a very fine creature of ſixteen, who has never ſeen company, and whom ſhe reſerves purpoſely for Mr. Fitz-Adam.

I CANNOT omit to mention the honour Mr. * * * has done me by inviting me to the next maſquerade, and offering me a domino for that purpoſe. But as I can ſee no reaſon why people, whoſe intentions are honeſt, ſhould be aſhamed to ſhew their faces, I have declined his invitation. His argument for the morality of theſe midnight meetings, viz. "that by reducing all mankind to a "level, they teach the GREAT a uſeful leſſon "againſt pride," is I own ingenious; though I am apt to think, as men's manners are generally borrowed from their outward circumſtances,

ſtances, a lady of quality, when ſhe finds herſelf degraded to the rank of a milk-maid, may be tempted to familiarities, which ſhe never would have ſuffered in her exalted ſphere.

BUT the moſt extraordinary of all the invitations I have been favoured with, is from a ſociety in St. Giles's. This letter is written in a fair hand by the ſecretary, who tells me he has the misfortune to be ſtone blind: but I muſt not wonder at that, he ſays, for the moſt active young fellow among them is a poor old cripple, who plies all day long in the Mews. He aſſures me, that notwithſtanding their miſerable looks by day, I ſhall find them at night a ſet of the merrieſt fellows in the world; and as to drinking, wenching, gaming, and the like faſhionable amuſements, no GENTLEMEN can go beyond them.

I HAVE letters by me from people of all ranks and conditions, giving an account of the different employments and diverſions of the night: ſo that, was it not for fear of diſturbing the peace of reputable families, I could make as many pleaſant diſcoveries as the ingenious author of the Devil upon two ſticks.

I HAVE

I HAVE the morning adventures of a noted Buck, and the midnight rambles of a female rake. A lady who writes to me from Bridges-ſtreet, complains of the inſufferable inſolence of watchmen and conſtables; inſomuch that ſhe can hardly walk along the ſtreets about her lawful occaſions, without being ſtopt and queſtioned by theſe Jacks in an office.

THERE is ſomething ſo reaſonable in lady Betty Moonlight's propoſal, that I cannot refuſe giving it to my readers. Her ladyſhip complains that her firſt ſleep is conſtantly broke by the noiſe of cars, drays and hackney-coaches, or by the vociferous cries of ſmall-coal, brick-duſt, kitchen-ſtuff, &c. She thinks it very hard that people of quality ſhould be diſturbed at ſuch unſeaſonable hours; and therefore hopes that the parliament will take it into conſideration. She propoſes, that as they have already altered the year, an act may be paſſed next ſeſſion to turn night into day; which ſhe obſerves will be more agreeable to their own times of doing buſineſs.

AS I have adapted the former part of this paper more particularly to the taſte of thoſe who frequent the polite circles in this town,

I ſhall

I ſhall now conſider my graver readers, and preſent them with the following compoſition on the ſame ſubject.

ODE to NIGHT.

The buſy cares of day are done;
In yonder weſtern cloud the ſun
Now ſets, in other worlds to riſe,
And glad with light the nether ſkies.
With ling'ring pace the parting day retires,
And ſlowly leaves the mountain tops, and gilded ſpires.

Yon azure cloud, enrob'd with white,
Still ſhoots a gleam of fainter light:
At length deſcends a browner ſhade;
At length the glim'ring objects fade;
Till all ſubmit to NIGHT's *impartial reign,*
And undiſtinguiſh'd darkneſs covers all the plain.

No more the ivy-crowned oak
Reſounds beneath the wood-man's ſtroke.
Now ſilence holds her ſolemn ſway;
Mute is each buſh, and ev'ry ſpray:

Nought

Nought but the ſound of murm'ring rills is
heard,
Or from the mould'ring tow'r, NIGHT's *ſolitary*
bird.

Hail ſacred hour of peaceful reſt!
Of pow'r to charm the troubled breaſt!
By thee the captive ſlave obtains
Short reſpite from his galling pains;
Nor ſighs for liberty, nor native ſoil;
But for a while forgets his chains, and ſultry
toil.

No horrors haſt thou in thy train,
No ſcorpion laſh, no clanking chain.
When the pale murd'rer round him ſpies
A thouſand griſly forms ariſe,
When ſhrieks and groans arouſe his palſy'd fear;
'Tis guilt alarms his ſoul, and conſcience wounds
his ear.

The village ſwain whom Phillis charms,
Whoſe breaſt the tender paſſion warms,
Wiſhes for thy all-ſhadowing veil,
To tell the fair his loveſick tale:

Nor

Nor less impatient of the tedious day,
She longs to hear his tale, and sigh her soul away.

Oft by the covert of thy shade
LEANDER woo'd the THRACIAN maid;
Through foaming seas his passion bore,
Nor fear'd the ocean's thund'ring roar.
The constious virgin from the sea-girt tow'r
Hung out the faithful torch to guide him to her bow'r.

Oft at thy silent hour the sage
Pores on the fair instructive page;
Or wrapt in musings deep his soul,
Mounts active to the starry pole:
There pleas'd to range the realms of endless night,
Numbers the stars, or marks the comet's devious light.

Thine is the hour of converse sweet,
When sprightly wit and reason meet:
Wit, the fair blossom of the mind,
But fairer still with reason join'd.

Such

Such is the feaſt thy ſocial hours afford,
When eloquence and GRANVILLE *join the friendly board.*

GRANVILLE, *whoſe poliſh'd mind is fraught.*
With all that ROME *or* GREECE *e'er taught;*
Who pleaſes and inſtructs the ear,
When he aſſumes the critic's chair,
Or from the STAGYRITE *or* PLATO *draws*
The arts of civil life, the ſpirit of the laws.

O let me often thus employ
The hour of mirth and ſocial joy!
And glean from GRANVILLE'S *learned ſtore*
Fair ſcience and true wiſdom's lore.
Then will I ſtill implore thy longer ſtay,
Nor change thy feſtive hours for ſunſhine and the day.

NUMB. 75. THURSDAY, *June* 6, 1754.

I HAVE hinted more than once in the courſe of theſe papers, that the preſent age, notwithſtanding the vices and follies with which it abounds, has the happineſs of ſtanding as high in my opinion as any age whatſoever. But it has always been the faſhion to believe, that from the beginning of the world to the preſent day, men have been increaſing in wickedneſs: and though we have the bible to turn to, which gives us the hiſtory of mankind before the flood, and of the Jews after it, we have ſtill the humility to retain this opinion, and to lament the amazing degeneracy of the preſent times. But the eye of a philoſopher can penetrate into this falſe humility, and diſcover it to be mere peeviſhneſs and diſcontent. The truth is that the preſent times, like our wives and our other poſſeſſions, are OUR OWN, and therefore we have no reliſh of them.

MANY of my readers may poſſibly object to theſe encomiums on the times, imagining they

they may tend to make men ſatisfied with what they are, inſtead of inciting them to become what they ought to be. But it was always my opinion (and I believe it to be univerſally true) that men are more likely to be *praiſed* into virtue, than to be *railed* out of vice. It is a maxim in everybody's mouth, that reputation once loſt, is never to be recovered. He therefore to whom you give an ill name, will have little or no encouragement to endeavour at a good one, as knowing that if a character of infamy is once fixed, no change of behaviour can have power to redeem it. On the contrary, the man to whom you give a good name, though he ſhould have merited a bad one, will find in his commerce with the world the advantages of ſuch a name, and from conviction of thoſe advantages be ſo ſolicitous to deſerve it, as to become in reality the good man you have called him. People may reaſon away the merit of ſuch a perſon's behaviour if they pleaſe, by aſcribing it ſolely to ſelf-love; they may add too, if they chuſe, (and they have my hearty leave) that all virtue whatſoever has its ſource in that paſſion: if this be true (though the revealers of ſuch

truths cannot be complimented on their intention to promote virtue) can there be a ſtronger argument for goodneſs, than that it is neceſſary to our happineſs? It is ſaid of that ſagacious inſect, the bee, that he extracts honey from poiſon: and a mind, rightly turned, may draw inſtruction even from theſe gentlemen. But to return to my ſubject.

If people, when they are railing againſt the preſent times, inſtead of aſſerting in the groſs that they are more wicked than the paſt, would content themſelves with pointing out what are really the vices that have gathered head amongſt us; if, for inſtance, they were to ſay that luxury and gaming are at preſent at a much higher pitch than formerly, I ſhould be far from contradicting them. Theſe are indeed the vices of the times: but for the firſt of them, I am afraid we muſt content ourſelves with complaints, inſtead of offering at a remedy: for as luxury is always owing to too much wealth, Providence in its wiſdom has ſo ordered it, that in due courſe of time it will deſtroy itſelf. The cure therefore of luxury is poverty; a remedy, which though we do not care to preſcribe to ourſelves, we are preparing

at

at great pains and expence for thoſe that are to come after us. Of gaming I ſhall only obſerve, that, like luxury, it will in time work out its own cure; and at the rate it goes on at preſent, one ſhould imagine it cannot laſt long.

I KNOW but of one evil more that ſeems to have gathered any degree of ſtrength in theſe times, and that is corruption: for as to extravagance and a love of pleaſure, I include them in the article of luxury. And perhaps the evil of corruption, as it is now practiſed, may admit of palliation: for though it has been aſſerted by certain writers upon ethics, that it is unlawful to do evil that good may enſue, yet ſomething may be ſaid in favour of a candidate for a ſeat in parliament, who if he ſhould be tempted to commit the ſmall evil of bribing a borough or a few particulars in a county, it is, no doubt, in order to effect ſo great a good as the preſervation of the liberty, the property, the happineſs, the virtue and the religion of a whole nation.

As to all other vices, I believe they will be found to exiſt amongſt us pretty much in the ſame degree as heretofore, forms only changing.

ing. Our grandfathers uſed to get drunk with ſtrong beer and port; we get drunk with claret and champaign. They would lie abominably to conceal their wenching; we lie as abominably in boaſting of ours. They ſtole ſlyly in at the back-door of a bagnio; we march in boldly at the fore-door, and immediately ſteal out ſlyly at the back-door. Our mothers were prudes; their daughters are coquetts. The firſt dreſſed like modeſt women, and perhaps were wantons; the laſt dreſs like women of the town, and perhaps are virtuous: Thoſe treated without hanging out a ſign; theſe hang out the ſign without intending to treat. To be ſtill more particular, the abuſe of power, the views of patriots, the flattery of dependants, and the promiſes of great men, are I believe pretty much the ſame now as in former ages. Vices that we have no reliſh for, we part with for thoſe we like; giving up avarice for prodigality, hypocriſy for profligacy, and lewdneſs for play.

But as I have inſtanced in this eſſay the particular vices of the times, it would be doing them injuſtice if I neglected to obſerve, that humanity, charity and the civilities of life

never

never abounded ſo much as now. I muſt alſo repeat, what has already been taken notice of in theſe papers, that our virtues receive a luſtre, and our vices a ſoftening, by manners and decorum.

THERE is a folly indeed (for I will not call it a vice) with which the ladies of this age are particularly charged: it is, that not only their airs and their dreſs, but even their faces are French. I wiſh with all my heart that I could preſerve my integrity, and vindicate my fair country-women from this imputation: but I am ſorry to ſay it, what by travelling abroad, and by French milleners, mantua-makers and hair-cutters at home, our politeſt aſſemblies ſeem to be filled with foreigners. But how will it aſtoniſh many of my readers to be told, that while they are extolling the days of good queen BESS, they are complimenting that very reign in which theſe faſhions were originally introduced! But becauſe in a matter of ſo much conſequence no man's bare word ſhould be taken, I ſhall make good my aſſertion by publiſhing an authentic letter, written by that ſubtil miniſter Sir William Cecil (afterwards lord Burleigh) to Sir Henry Norris,

ris, queen Elizabeth's ambaſſador at the court of France. This letter was originally printed in the year ſixteen hundred and ſixty three, among a collection of ſtate letters called Scrinia Ceciliana, or Myſteries of Government, and is as follows.

"SIR,

"The queen's majeſty would fain have "a taylor that had ſkill to make her apparel "both after the French and Italian manner: "and ſhe thinketh that you might uſe ſome "means to obtain ſome one ſuch there as ſerv-"eth that queen, without mentioning any "manner of requeſt in the queen's majeſty's "name. Firſt to cauſe my lady your wife to "uſe ſome ſuch means to get one, as there-"of knowledge might not come to the queen "mother's ears, of whom the queen's ma-"jeſty thinketh thus; that if ſhe did under-"ſtand that it were a matter wherein her ma-"jeſty might be pleaſured, ſhe would offer to "ſend one to the queen's majeſty: neverthe-"leſs if it cannot be ſo obtained by this indi-"rect means, then her majeſty would have

you

"you deviſe ſome other good means to ob-
"tain one that were ſkilful.

"*Yours in all truth,*

"W. CECIL."

I SHALL only obſerve upon this letter (which I confeſs to be a maſter-piece for ſubtilty and contrivance) that if by the introduction and increaſe of French faſhions, our religion and government are alſo in time to be French (which many worthy patriots and elderly gentlewomen are in dreadful apprehenſion of) we ought no doubt to throw off all regard to the memory of queen Elizabeth, and to lament that her miniſter was not impeached of high treaſon, for adviſing and encouraging ſo pernicious an attempt againſt that Magna Charta of dreſs, the old Engliſh RUFF and FARDINGALE.

NUMB. 76. THURSDAY, *June* 13, 1754.

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis. HOR.

AT this ſeaſon of the year, when every man is raiſing his ſhare of duſt on the public roads, in order to feaſt his lungs with freſh air, and his eyes with novelty, I am led to conſider a modern character, ſcarce ever touched upon before, and which hitherto has obtained no other name from the public than the general one of an IMPROVER.

IN former times, when the garden was made for fruit, the water for fiſh, and the park for veniſon, the ſervants preſided in their ſeveral departments, and the lord of the manor and his gueſts had nothing to do but to ſit down and cram themſelves with the products of each. But ſince the genius of TASTE has thought fit to make this iſland his principal reſidence, and has taught us to enjoy the gifts of nature in a leſs ſenſual manner, the maſter of the place thinks it incumbent on him to change the old ſyſtem, to take all under his own care, and

to

to ſee that every thing be of his own doing. ALTERATION therefore muſt of neceſſity be the firſt great principle of an IMPROVER. When he ſhews you a plantation, it is conſtantly prefaced with "Here ſtood a wall." If he directs your eye over an extent of lawn, "There, ſays he, we were crouded up with "trees." The lake, you are told, was the ſpot where ſtood the old ſtables or the kitchen-garden; and the mount was formerly a horſe-pond. When you have heard this, you are next of all to know how every thing is to *be altered ſtill farther:* for as the IMPROVER himſelf never enjoys the preſent ſtate of things, he labours to diſturb the ſatisfaction you expreſs, by telling you that on the mount is to be a building; that the water is to be altered in ſhape, ſize and level, and muſt have a caſcade and a bridge; that the largeſt trees in the plantation muſt be cut down, to give air and ſunſhine to ſhrubs and flowers—In ſhort, the deſcription of what *is to be*, continues through the whole evening of your arrival; and when he has talked you to ſleep, and it is evident that you can hear no longer, he compaſſionately diſmiſſes you

to reſt, knowing that late hours are incompatible with his deſigns upon you in the morning. Innocent of theſe deſigns, you enjoy the quiet of your chamber, comforting yourſelf that you muſt have ſeen and heard all, and that *the bitterneſs of* IMPROVEMENT *is over.* Or if you are ſuſpicious of any remaining fatigue, and are therefore prepared with the proper remonſtrances and evaſions, they will avail you nothing againſt an old practiſed IMPROVER: for the inſtant you have breakfaſted, he propoſes your taking a turn or two in the bowling-green for a little freſh air; to which you readily aſſent; and without imagining there can be any occaſion for ſtepping out of your ſlippers, you advance with him to the end of the green, where a door in a ſunk fence unexpectedly opens to the park. And here, as he aſſures you *the graſs is ſhort*, you are led through all the pleaſures of unconnected variety, with this recommendation, that it is but a little way from the Palladian portico to the Gothic tower; from the Lapland to the Chineſe houſe; or from the temple of Venus to the hermitage. By this time you are inſenſibly enticed to a great diſtance from

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the houſe; when on a ſudden he ſhews you over the park wall a number of labourers mending the highway; and, *ſince you are got ſo far*, wiſhes you to go a little farther, that he may take this opportunity to give a few neceſſary inſtructions, and that the road may be mended with the advantage of your opinion and concurrence. In vain do you pull out your watch; in vain remonſtrate to him how late it is, or how rude it will be to make the ladies wait dinner: in vain do you try to move him by ſtroaking your chin, and ſhewing him a moſt perſuaſive length of beard, or implore his compaſſion on your Morocco ſlippers, pleading that if you had expected ſo long a walk, you would have put on your ſtrong ſhoes——He knows that if you had apprehended a walk of half the diſtance, he never could have moved you from your eaſy chair; and being thoroughly ſenſible that it will not be in his power to get you ſo far again, is reſolved to make his advantage of the preſent opportunity; ſo leads you to every ditch that is emptying, or brick-kiln that is reeking for him; to his barn that is to be turned into a church, or to his farm that is to be made a

ruin for the ſake of his proſpect; till at length he brings you ſo late home, that you are obliged to ſit down undreſſed to a ſpoilt dinner with a family out of humour.

I REMEMBER the good time, when the price of a haunch of veniſon with a country friend was only half an hour's walk upon a hot terraſs; a deſcent to the two ſquare fiſh-ponds overgrown with frog-ſpawn; a peep into the hog-ſtye, or a viſit to the pidgeon-houſe. How reaſonable was this, when compared with the attention now expected from you to the number of temples, pagoda's, pyramids, grotto's, bridges, hermitages, caves, towers, hot-houſes, &c. &c. for which the day is too ſhort, and which brings you to your meal fatigued and overcome with heat, denied the uſual refreſhment of clean linen, and robbed of your appetite!

HAVING now ſufficiently warned the VISITOR of what he is to guard againſt, it is but juſt I ſhould give ſome few hints for the ſervice of the IMPROVER, whom I muſt always conſider (a little vanity excepted) as acting upon principles of benevolence, and from a deſire of giving pleaſure. It is this princi-

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ple that blinds and miſleads his judgment, by ſuggeſting to him that he ſhall find from the VISITOR and others, who come to ſee his works, returns of equal civility and good-humour. But it will be expedient for him to reflect that theſe gentlemen do not always bring with them that deſire to be pleaſed, which, by his own diſpoſition, he is too apt to ſuppoſe, and which one would think ſhould be eſſential to every party of pleaſure: for (excluſive of that natural inclination to cenſure, which ſo generally attends all exerciſe of the judgment) on theſe occaſions, every occurrence of the day will probably adminiſter to the ſpleen of the critic. If the weather be too hot, or too cold for him; if it be windy or ſhowery; if he has ſlept ill the night before; if he is hungry or ſick; if he is tired or ſore; if he has loſt a bett upon the road; if he has quarrelled with his friend; if he has been rebuked by his wife; or in ſhort, if any thing has offended him, he is ſure to take his revenge in full, by finding fault with every thing that was deſigned for his entertainment. In this diſpoſition of mind, there is nothing ſafe but the ſhady gravel walk, with the few plain and

neceſſary reſting places, which leads to the undiſguiſed farm, or the navigable river. He will be ſure to allow you no poſtulatum. He abſolutely denies the exiſtence of hermits, mandarins, and the whole heathen ſyſtem of divinities. He diſputes the antiquity of your ruin, and the genuineſs of your hermitage: nay, he will deſcend to cavil at the bell with which the hermit is ſuppoſed to ring himſelf to prayers. He is ſo cruel as to controvert your ſuppoſition that the new-made water is a river, though he knows it muſt have coſt you an immenſe ſum, and that it covers the richeſt meadow-ground you are maſter of. He leads the company to every ſunk fence which you chuſe ſhould be unobſerved. If he ſuſpects a building to be new-fronted, he finds out a private way to the decayed ſide of it; happy if he can diſcover it to have been a ſtable or a pig-ſtye. His report of your place, after he has left it, is exactly of a piece with his behaviour, while there. He either deſcribes it as a bog that will not bear a horſe, or as a ſand that cannot produce a blade of graſs. If he finds in reality neither bog nor barren ſand, his wiſhes ſupply his belief, and he labours to perſuade

ſuade himſelf and others that one of theſe defects is the characteriſtic of your ſoil, but that you hate to he told of it, and always deny it.

One cannot but admire his ingenuity in particular caſes, where it has been judged impoſſible to find a fault. If you lead him to a knowl of uncommon verdure, varied with the fortunate diſpoſition of old oaks, commanding the moſt rural ſcenes, and, at a proper diſtance, the view of a large city, he ſhrugs up his ſhoulders and tells you it wants water. If your principal object be a lake, he will ſtrain a point to report it green and ſtagnated; or elſe take the advantage of a thunder-ſtorm to pronounce it white or yellow. If you have a ſtream, he laments the frequency of floods; if a tide-river, the ſmell of mud at low-water. He detects your painted caſcade, miſconſtrues your inſcriptions, and puns upon your motto's. Within doors he doubts if your pictures are originals, and expreſſes his apprehenſions that your ſtatues will bring the houſe down.

As I wiſh moſt ſincerely to reconcile theſe gentlemen to each other, I ſhall recommend

to the IMPROVER the example of a particular friend of mine. It is ſaid in Milton, that before the angel diſcloſed to Adam the proſpect from the hill in paradiſe, he

——purg'd with euphraſy and rue
His viſual nerve, for he had much to ſee;

ſo this gentleman (borrowing the hint from Milton, but preferring a more modern opthalmic) upon the arrival of his VISITORS, takes care to purge their viſual nerves with a ſufficient quantity of CHAMPAIGN; after which, he aſſures me, they never SEE a fault in his IMPROVEMENTS.

NUMB. 77. THURSDAY, *June* 20, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM the daughter (I will not ſay of a gentleman, but) of one, who by a conſtant attention to gain, and many lucky circumſtances

cumſtances in life, from a very mean condition, arrived at the higheſt character of gentility amongſt his neighbours in a part of this iſland, where farmers are almoſt the only, and without diſpute the proudeſt gentry. Being tolerably handſome, and a favourite child, I was ſent very early to a country boarding ſchool; and was allowed to bring from it ſome tendencies to elegance and politeneſs, rather exceeding thoſe that are generally acquired in ſuch places; and which, for want of a better name, I ſhall call a kind of half-good-breeding.

THUS accompliſhed, you may imagine I ſoon had many admirers; but being young and unexperienced, I prudently left the choice of the happy man to my father's deciſion; which choice, after due caution, he made: but though exceeding notable himſelf, yet happening to engage with an old gentleman more notable, it is ſaid, and I believe with truth, that he was outwitted. In the holy eſtate of matrimony I lived a few years, without any thing to relieve the dulneſs and inſipidity of a huſband's converſation, but now and then

then a viſit from his relations, and a game at cards.

When my widowhood commenced, then opened the ſcene. And though my jointure was not equal to the fortune my father had paid, yet having many good proſpects, the value of which I had learnt to calculate with great accuracy, I reſolved to regulate my conduct accordingly.

And now it was that I engaged in the ſtrangeſt project that ever entered a whimſical woman's head. It was this; to collect all the moſt haughty and inſolent forms that I had ever heard to have been practiced in the rejection of lovers; to enter thoſe forms in my pocket-book; to get them by heart, and to uſe them occaſionally as circumſtances might admit: arguing with myſelf, that I ſhould haſten the ſucceſſion of lovers in proportion to the number of pretenders I baffled and diſcarded.

The firſt who offered me his addreſſes in my new ſituation was Mr. Twiſt the mercer. He made his viſit in about two months after my huſband's deceaſe; and upon being ſhewn into my parlour, really ſurprized me with

with ſo ſtrange and ridiculous a figure of a man, that it was not without the utmoſt difficulty I was able to preſerve any compoſure of countenance. Pale, trembling, looking aſkance, and out of breath, he muttered over ſomething in broken words and half-ſentences, about "cruel delays —— decencies —— boldneſs "—— and", at laſt, "his ambition of being "admitted my moſt humble ſervant." Fixing my eyes full upon him, I anſwered "That "I was very ſorry he ſhould come at ſo unſea-"ſonable a time; for that I had no thoughts "of parting with my footman: but if he "ſhould be out of place when I had a vacan-"cy, and would call again, I might perhaps "prefer him to my ſervice." The poor man, unable to bear ſuch a ſhock, fell into the moſt violent diſtortions of face, and left me, with precipitation, to enjoy my triumph alone.

THE next who honoured me with an application of the ſame kind, but without the ſame diſmal and rueful grimaces, was Mr. Frankly, an under officer in his Majeſty's cuſtoms. He approached me with a pretty good air, and with an eaſy unconſtrained utterance, declared, "That he had been long charmed

"with

" with the agreeableneſs of my perſon and be-
" haviour; that they had made the deepeſt
" impreſſions on his heart; and that he did
" not deſpair of finding in my fair boſom
" ſomething ſuſceptible of the ſame tender and
" elegant ſentiments." Piqued and amazed at the confidence of the man, my memory and preſence of mind had almoſt failed me: but recovering in an inſtant, I made him a curteſy, and aſſured him " That, though he knew it
" not, I was really the miſtreſs of that houſe:
" but that my maid Mary was in the kitchen,
" who would no doubt be highly pleaſed with
" ſo fine a ſpeech, which I hoped he had got
" by heart, and would be as capable of repeat-
" ing to his miſtreſs as he had been to me." I looked to ſee if my gentleman was not ſinking into the floor; but to my utter confuſion, he made me a low bow, and with a moſt ſignificant glance proteſted, " That he was become
" perfectly ſenſible of his miſtake, and that his
" next viſit ſhould be to my maid; for that it
" was impoſſible for Mrs. Mary to return an
" anſwer to any thing he might ſay to her, ſo
" utterly deſtitute of good ſenſe and good man-
" ners." As ſoon as he was gone I had re-

courſe

courſe to my pocket-book, croſſed out my two firſt common-places, and wrote in the margin, "N. B. Too much alike, and not to uſe ei-"ther of them again on any account whatſo-"ever."

My third inamorato was Mr. Smart, a young attorney, very ſpruce and very much a coxcomb. As he lived in the neighbourhood, we had a ſlight acquaintance. One evening he came to my houſe, ſtayed ſupper, and after drinking a glaſs or two of wine, began a rapſody of nonſenſe about flames, darts, killing eyes, wounds and death. It is enough that I was able to comprehend his meaning; and therefore putting on an air of ſerioufneſs and concern, I aſſured him "That I was moſt pro-"digiouſly ſorry to ſee him ſo fluſtered; I "ſuppoſed that he had been drinking before "he came to my houſe; for otherwiſe it was "impoſſible he ſhould be diſguiſed to ſuch a "degree. I hoped it was only an accidental "thing, and that he would take care not to "contract habits ſo extremely prejudicial to "his character and complexion." He looked ſo tame and fooliſh, that for the life of me I could not forbear purſuing my blow; and therefore

therefore ordering my ſervant to light him home, I recommended ſtrongly to him to clear his ſtomach with a quart or two of warm water before he went to reſt: and in the morning I ſent a card with compliments and enquiries after his health; hoping he was as well as could be expected after his laſt-night's irregularity. He kept my man two hours, and then returned me the following anſwer, fairly engroſſed upon a clean queen of hearts.

"Mr. Smart's compliments to Mrs. G—, "and thanks for her kind meſſage. He ſhall "not contend that he is in his ſober wits: no, "he is proud to own himſelf drunk with the "large draughts of love he has drawn from "her bright eyes."

THIS I thought was pretty enough; I therefore put the card between the proper pages in my book, and under the common place to which it related, wrote, "Memorandum, a "good thing, and may do again with a little "variation."

MY fourth humble ſervant was doctor Scarfe, the miniſter of the pariſh. He was really a good ſort of a gentleman; and, to ſay the truth, I had for a long time played my artille-

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ry directly at him, as I imagined without ſucceſs, but not without a moſt vexatious chagrin at his ſeeming inſenſibility. However, when I leaſt expected any ſuch thing, I perceived I had conquered his ſtubborn heart: and then I reſolved to take ſome revenge for the trouble it had coſt me. His advice and aſſiſtance, which were uſeful to me in the management of my affairs, gave him a claim to a more frequent and familiar reception than I vouchſafed to any other male viſitant. One day, upon my thanking him in civil terms for a conſiderable ſervice he had done me, he haſtily interrupted me with, "Madam, you are too obliging; I beg "you to ſay nothing more upon the ſubject: "'tis I am the indebted perſon; indebted for "the favour of your eſteem and confidence: "I wiſh I could merit them: to be able "to give you the leaſt ſatisfaction is the "higheſt pleaſure of my life. You know in "what manner I have tranſacted theſe little "matters: put my zeal and ſincerity to a no-"bler teſt: allow me not caſual, but continual "occaſions of expreſſing, in a tenderer way, "my regard to your intereſts, my affection to "your perſon, which is dearer to me than all

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"the intereſt upon earth." "Why now, "doctor, ſays I, what I have long dreaded is, I "find, come to paſs. I have often deſired you to "uſe more exerciſe, and not to ſit perpetually "poring upon books. The intenſeneſs of your "ſtudies has impared your underſtanding: and "all I can do at preſent is to adviſe you to go "directly home, and take a little ſomething for "your head. If you neglect your diſorder, you "will ſoon be ſubject to more violent ravings." "Madam, he replied, I ſee you are diſpoſed to "make merry with my pain: I did not expect "ſuch treatment at your hands: but I heartily "wiſh you a good night." The deliberation with which he ſpoke, fully convinced me that I had loſt both a lover and a friend: and the reflection on my folly filled me with ſhame. However, I concealed it as well as I could, and wrote in my pocket-book, under this common-place, N. B. Not to be repeated.

It would make a hiſtory, Mr. Fitz-Adam, inſtead of a letter, to relate all my atchievements this way. In ſhort, my character became in time ſo extraordinary and formidable, that I remember to have ſeen but three lovers

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in the laſt ſeven years, and two of the three were gentlemen from Ireland.

IT is owing to this timidity in the men, that I trouble you with this letter, and deſire its publication. They have no doubt imagined from my behaviour that I have made a vow againſt marriage; but whatever my intentions may be, I can aſſure them I have made no ſuch vow: and if any gentleman under forty —— But I am not advertiſing for a huſband neither; yet for fear you ſhould think ſo, it is high time to take my leave, by ſubſcribing myſelf, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant, A. G.

I HAVE complied with this lady's requeſt in publiſhing her letter, and ſhall recommend to her peruſal the following ſong, which I received a few days ago from an unknown correſpondent.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

A nymph there lives, whom many a ſwain
Has ſigh'd for oft, but ſigh'd in vain,
And borne the inſults and diſdain
Of proud but handſome MOLLY.
Around her throng'd the wits and beaux:
With cringes, compliments and bows,
And dreſs, and oaths, and lies, and vows,
All ſtrove for lovely MOLLY.

II.

The charms that deckt this fav'rite maid
In verſe and proſe were ſung and ſaid:
(For wits will write, and beaux may read)
O happy, happy MOLLY!
But ſee triumphant beauty's pride!
In vain was wit or nonſenſe try'd,
Beaux, fops, nay flatt'rers were deny'd
By haughty, haughty MOLLY.

III.

Too long coquetted the vain fair:
Time, that ev'n beauty ſcorns to ſpare,
Stole o'er the eyes, the cheeks, the hair
Of ſilly, heedleſs MOLLY.

Paint,

Paint, powder, waſhes are apply'd —
No arts the ſad diſgrace can hide:
The fops forſake, the wits deride
Their once-lov'd, charming MOLLY.

IV.

Unheeded now at ball or play,
She hates the pretty, blames the gay —
Ah! who one tender thing will ſay
To poor deſerted MOLLY?
Yet ſtill ſhe lingring haunts the ſcene,
Where once ſhe acted beauty's queen,
And every ſimple heart had been
The ſlave of tyrant MOLLY.

V.

At length with fruitleſs hope worn out,
She quits the giddy youthful rout,
And turns ſo monſtrouſly devout,
No ſaint was e'er like MOLLY.
Yet while this ſolemn garb ſhe wears,
Each world by turns employs her cares,
And ſlander, ſermons, cards and pray'rs
Divide ſtill wretched MOLLY.

NUMB. 78. THURSDAY, *June* 27, 1754.

Inventio ſimilium facilis erit, ſi quis ſibi omnes res animatas & inanimatas —— frequenter ante oculos poteſt ponere; & ex his aliquam venari ſimilitudinem quæ aut ornare, aut docere, aut apertiorem rem facere poſſit. CICERO.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM of opinion that a very pleaſing method of inſtruction might be drawn from the affinity which the more liberal arts and ſciences have to manners and behaviour. The following precepts, which are equally calculated to direct the young painter's hand, and the young lady's conduct, contain an imperfect ſpecimen of the method I am propoſing; and which I am induced to communicate to Mr. Fitz-Adam, becauſe I am aſſured that fine arts, good manners, and the fair ſex, are, and ought to be, the principal concerns of the WORLD.

It is impoſſible to arrive at any eminent degree of excellence either in painting or behaviour, without a long courſe of diſcipline in the ſchool of imitation. The character of a valuable original can never be procured without condeſcending firſt of all to the humble employment of the copyiſt. The carte blanch of a youthful mind will be as imperfectly adorned by the firſt rudiments of politeneſs, as a ſcholar's leſſon-book by the firſt principles of deſign: but care and practice may ſoon correct the aukwardneſs of a firſt attempt; and it muſt be the pupil's fault, if every new day, as well as every new leaf, does not produce ſome proof of amendment. But however ſimilar the mind and hand may be with regard to their advances towards perfection, yet it is to be obſerved that the accompliſhments of the one are much more requiſite and important than thoſe of the other, and that an irregular Action is not ſo eaſily reformed as a negligent Stroke.

To reſolve the whole of beauty into a fine complexion, a juſt ſymmetry of ſhape, and a nice regularity of features, is altogether as abſurd as it would be to reduce all the qualifica-

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tions for good painting to a manual ſkill of mixing colours for the pallet, and ſketching out the contours of ſingle portraits. There muſt be a certain gracefulneſs and uniformity in every part of a lady's character to make her appear amiable to a man of diſcernment; juſt as a conſiſtent deſign and a proper combination of figures in a hiſtory piece can alone recommend the painter to a critical obſerver.

THE extravagances of the prude and coquet are analogous to a timid exactneſs and a diſſolute licentiouſneſs of ſtyle in painting. A degree of freedom, far beyond a chearful affability, ſhall in ſome ladies be attended with many a ſtriking charm, and affect one, like PAULO's daring ſtroke, with warmer and more animated ſentiments, than could have been excited by the cold and ſpiritleſs efforts of a deliberate regularity. There are others, in whom a delicate reſerve, bordering almoſt on the confines of a prudiſh ſhyneſs, ſhall appear extremely engaging to men of a nicer turn, and eaſily captivate all ſuch fancies as are delighted with the chaſtiſed refinement of a CORREGIO's pencil. Nor do we want a third ſort of ladies, who are endowed with an admirable talent for gaining

ing themſelves admirers by an odd affectation of capricious levities, and a whimſical ſingularity of carriage: I know ſeveral who can give as happy proofs of their expertneſs in this fantaſtic art, as ever LE PIPER could of his excellence for groteſque repreſentations, and who are qualified to trifle with as much ſucceſs as that artiſt has been known to do with a piece of charcoal upon a wall. But it is to be obſerved that theſe privileges are only ſuited to peculiar characters, and can never produce any good effect, unleſs they derive their power from ſome inbred gift, and flow directly from the genuine ſource of nature.

THERE may be as great a variety in the modes of right behaviour, as in the ſtyles of good painting. Many pictures may be worthy of admiration beſides thoſe of the moſt celebrated maſters; and many a lady may deſerve to be claſſed amongſt the lovely, the polite and accompliſhed, though ſhe be not a perfect lady * * *. It is not requiſite for us to ſhew a general diſregard to the examples of others, in order to be diſtinguiſhed for ſomething peculiar to ourſelves; all we are to be cautioned againſt is a ridiculous imitation of ſuch, as

are either inconſiſtent with our genius, or above the reach of our capacities.

THE propriety of attitudes and drapery depends ſo much on characters, circumſtances and deſigns, that they cannot well be reduced to any fixed and determinate regulations. There is no one, I believe, but will readily allow that the airs and movements of an Italian dancer on the theatre, muſt appear almoſt as unbecoming in an Engliſh lady dancing at a ball, as the picture of a Venus in the antic poſture of a Mercury. Yet there can be no more danger in a lady's making too free a uſe of her limbs, while ſhe keeps clear of all hoydening and affected geſtures, than there is of a painter's having too great a knowledge of anatomy, ſo long as it is only made a ſecret guide to him in his deſigns. Nor can either be remarkably faulty in point of drapery, provided they do but pay a due regard to ſhape, quality and cuſtom.

THERE is ſo ſtrict an agreement between the diſcloſing art in dreſs, and the carnation art in painting, that I believe it would be difficult to find out a fault or excellence in the one,

one, that could not be paralleled with ſome correſponding beauty or defect in the other.

There is no WOMAN *where there's no* RESERVE,
And 'tis an PLENTY *your poor lovers* STARVE,

ſays the witty and ingenious doctor Young: and it is very well known by all good critics and proficients in painting, that an uncommon ſhare of ſkill and judgment is requiſite for the production of every part of the naked. Nor is it hard to aſſign a reaſon why it ſhould be ſo; for if it be not extremely delicate in texture and complexion, it will, of courſe, appear diſguſtful; and if it be not extremely modeſt in poſture and deſign, it muſt needs be thought indecent: whereas the moſt imperfect concealment, a covering even thinner than the thinneſt gauze, will not only be ſufficient to relieve the offended eye, but will likewiſe enable the fancy to improve into beauty every thing it hides. As the propriety of dreſs is ſo much more dependent on faſhion than nature, I am cautious of affirming that a woman ought always to be miſtreſs of a pretty face, before ſhe has the confidence to appear in public with

a bare boſom. But allowing that, under the ſanction of faſhion, ſhe may diſplay ſo diſtinguiſhing a characteriſtic of her ſex, without danger of incurring an immodeſt reputation; yet ſhe cannot poſſibly do it without forfeiting all pretenſions to diſcretion: for as ſhe cannot be ignorant how the beauty of a new gown decreaſes with the frequency of its appearance, ſhe ought alſo to know how little value the men place in a privilege of ſurveying ever ſo pretty an object in itſelf, if it be conſtantly expoſed to the familiar gaze of the multitude. It is not natural for us to regard any thing that is held too apparently cheap in the eſtimation of the proprietor: and I am well ſatisfied that a lady cannot take a worſe method of gaining particular admirers, than by making general treats. If your fair readers, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will take my word for it, I can aſſure them that the men are ten times more affected with an accidental and momentary glance, than with a deſigned expoſure for a whole hour together.

Upon the whole; as Mr. Pope has ſhewn us that he could collect hints enough for the compoſition of an ingenious treatiſe, even from one ſingle fragment in the literary lining

of a band-box; and as Leonardo da Vinci has obſerved that the ſpots on an old mouldy wall, forming a confuſed reſemblance of different objects, may be ſufficient to ſupply an improving fancy with a fine aſſemblage of the moſt perfect images; ſo it is to be hoped that the WORLD may in the ſame manner be able to collect a great deal of inſtruction from theſe random and undigeſted reflections of its

ſincere admirer

and moſt humble ſervant

PHILOCOSMOS.

P. S. It may not be improper to tell you, that I have been ſome time engaged in drawing up a ſyſtem of rules for the ladies dreſs, in order to determine how far perſonal beauty, as the work of nature, is capable of being improved by the aſſiſtance of art. In theſe rules I ſhall endeavour to fix the proper ſtandard of decorum, and to circumſcribe the authority of faſhion within the reaſonable limitations of modeſty and diſcretion: and as

this attempt is principally calculated to reform the preſent nakedneſs of the ladies, I intend to publiſh it under the title of CANNONS FOR THE TOILET.

NUMB. 79. THURSDAY, *July* 4, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOU cannot do a greater ſervice to the world, than by promoting the real happineſs of the beſt part of it, the fair ſex; for whoſe ſake I beg you will publiſh the following animadverſions upon an error in education, which the good ſenſe of the preſent age, with all its attachments to nature, has not totally eradicated. The error I mean is putting ROMANCES into the hands of young ladies; which being a ſort of writing that abounds in characters no where to be found, can, at beſt, be but a uſeleſs employment, even ſuppoſing the readers of them to have neither reliſh nor underſtanding for ſuperior concerns. But as this is by no means the caſe, and as the happi-

neſs

neſs of mankind is deeply intereſted in the ſentiments and conduct of the ladies, why do we contribute to the filling their heads with fancies, which render them incapable either of enjoying or communicating that happineſs? Why do we ſuffer thoſe hearts, which ought to be appropriated to the various affections of ſocial life, to be alienated by the mere creatures of the imagination? In ſhort, why do we ſuffer thoſe who were born for the purpoſe of living in ſociety with men endued with paſſions and frailties like their own, to be bred up in daily expectation of living *out* of it with ſuch men as never have exiſted? Believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam (as much the age of nature as this is thought to be) I know ſeveral unmarried ladies, who in all probability had been long ago good wives and good mothers, if their imaginations had not been early perverted with the chimerical ideas of romantic love, and themſelves cheated out of the CHARITIES (as Milton calls them) and all the real bleſſings of thoſe relations, by the hopes of that ideal happineſs, which is no where to be found but in ROMANCES.

It is a principle with ſuch ladies, that it matters not if the qualities they aſcribe to the heroes of theſe books be real or imaginary: upon which principle, a footman may as well be the hero as his maſter: for nothing, it ſeems, is neceſſary to dub him ſuch, but the magic power of a lady's fancy, which creates chimæras much faſter than nature can produce realities.

Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, this doctrine of ideal happineſs is calculated for the meridian of Bedlam, and ought never to be received beyond the limits of Moorfields. For if we ſhould admit that the monarch in his cell is as happy as the monarch on his throne, while both their objects are ambition; yet the happineſs of ſociety muſt depend only on the reaſonableneſs of individuals. A father is by this pernicious doctrine frequently robbed of the comfort he expected in his child: a daughter is deprived of the protection and ſupport ſhe might otherwiſe have claimed from her father; and ſociety is interrupted in forming its general ſyſtem of happineſs, which thoſe relations ſhould contribute to eſtabliſh.

THESE, Mr. Fitz-Adam, are almoſt the neceſſary conſequences of reading ROMANCES: and as human nature is apt to be more influenced by example than precept, I ſhall beg leave to enforce the truth of what I have advanced by the following hiſtory.

CLARINDA was the only child of a wealthy merchant, who placed all his happineſs in the expectations of her merit and the rewards of it. Nature had encouraged him in that expectation, by giving her a very liberal portion of her favours; and he determined to improve it by every means which the fondneſs of a parent could ſuggeſt to him. But, unfortunately for CLARINDA, her father's good intentions were not guided by a judgment equally good: for it happened to her, as it too often does in the education of young women, that his endeavours were rather directed to grace her perſon, than to adorn her mind: and whatever qualifications he might wiſh the latter to poſſeſs, he ſeemed ſolicitous only of ſuch as might recommend the former. Dreſs, dancing and muſic were the whole of her accompliſhments: and they ſo immoderately ſoftened the natural effeminacy of her mind, that ſhe contracted an

averſion to every kind of reading, which did not repreſent the ſame ſoftneſs of manners. Every hour which was not appropriated to one of theſe accompliſhments, was ſpent in the enſnaring practice of reading NOVELS and ROMANCES; of which CLELIA was her favourite, and the hero of it continually in her head.

WHILST CLARINDA was thus accompliſhing herſelf, the father was ſtudying to reward the merits of his daughter with a huſband ſuitable to her rank and fortune. Nor was he long unſucceſsful in his care: for THEODORE, the ſon of a neighbouring gentleman in the country, was choſen for this honour. But though all who knew him declared him to be worthy of it, unhappily for CLARINDA, ſhe alone thought otherwiſe. For notwithſtanding he loved her with a ſincerity hardly to be equalled, yet as he did not approach her in heroics, nor firſt break his paſſion to her in ſhady groves, he was not the hero ſhe expected: he neither bowed gracefully, moved majeſtically, nor ſighed pathetically enough to charm a heart which doated on romantic grimace: in ſhort, he was not the hero

which

which CLELIA had impreſſed on CLARINDA's imagination. But, what was ſtill more unfortunate, THEODORE's valet de chambre was compleatly ſo. That happy hero was a Frenchman, who to an imagination little leſs romantic than CLARINDA's, had added all the fantaſtic levity of his country; which happening firſt to diſcover itſelf in thoſe very ſhades where ſhe uſed to meditate on the hero of CLELIA, ſo captivated her heart with monſieur ANTOINE the valet, that her imagination inſtantly annihilated every circumſtance of his rank and fortune, and added every enchanting accompliſhment to his mind and perſon.

THERE is no reſiſting the impetuoſity of romantic love. Like enthuſiaſm, it breaks through all the reſtraints of nature and cuſtom, and enables, as well as animates its votaries, to execute all its extravagant ſuggeſtions. A paſſion of this ſublime original could have none of thoſe difficulties in diſcovering itſelf to its object, which are apt to oppoſe the raſh wills of vulgar mortals; and therefore it was not long before CLARINDA gave ANTONIO

(for

(for ſo ſhe choſe to ſoften the unharmonious name of ANTOINE) to underſtand, that love, like death, levelled all diſtinctions of birth and fortune, and introduced the loweſt and higheſt into Elyſium together.

ANTONIO, who had been almoſt as converſant with ROMANCES as CLARINDA, received the firſt intimations of the lady's paſſion for him with a tranſport that had leſs ſurprize than joy in it; and from the firſt diſcovery of it, there aroſe an intercourſe between them, which entirely defeated the pretenſions of THEODORE, and confirmed CLARINDA's paſſion for his valet.

BUT as much a hero as ANTONIO appeared to be both to CLARINDA and himſelf during the firſt part of this tender intercourſe, in the progreſs of it he diſcovered that he wanted one principal ingredient in the compoſition of that ideal character: he had not courage enough to be a martyr. For though he doated on CLARINDA's perſon, whilſt her fortune was annexed to it, yet he could not bring himſelf to ſtarve even with an angel: and this he ſoon perceived muſt be his fate, if he poſ-

ſeſſed the one without the other. Such a diſappointment from a hero to a DIDO, or to any woman who expected a natural gratification of her paſſion, would have excited reſentment and averſion. This would have been nature, which romantic love has no knowledge of: it never changes any of thoſe ideas with which it firſt captivates a fantaſtic heart: therefore CLARINDA, though ſhe moſt pathetically lamented her diſappointment in ANTONIO, yet charged it all upon her ſtars, and accuſed only them and the Gods of cruelty. Her father at the ſame time declared his reſolution to diſinherit her, if ſhe perſiſted in her folly: and the more effectually to prevent it, he bribed ANTONIO to leave England; which ſo enflamed CLARINDA's paſſion (who conſidered him as baniſhed on her account) that ſhe made a ſolemn vow never to marry any other man.

To conclude; the conſequence of this vow was, that the father ſettled an annuity on his daughter, and entailed his eſtate on his next kindred. This annuity ſhe ſtill lives to enjoy; and in the fifty-fifth year of her age prefers the viſionary happineſs of reading CLELIA and thinking

thinking on her ANTONIO, to the real bleſſings of thoſe ſocial relations, which in all probability ſhe had enjoyed through life, if ſhe had never been a reader of ROMANCES.

I am, &c.

NUMB. 80. THURSDAY, *July* 11, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

FROM the indulgence you have ſo often ſhewn to the productions of female correſpondents, I am encouraged to hope that you will not refuſe this epiſtle a place in your paper.

YOU muſt know, ſir, that with a tolerable perſon, a very good fortune, and lovers in abundance, I have a particular humour to live and die a maid. This way of thinking, I proteſt, does not ariſe from diſappointed love, but on the contrary, from my never having

ſeen

ſeen any one man who has been poſſeſſed of thoſe accompliſhments which I think neceſſary for a huſband.

You will imagine, perhaps, that I hardly know myſelf what ſort of a man I would have; but to convince you of the contrary, I am going to give you a deſcription of one, whom, notwithſtanding my preſent humour, I would willingly marry, and reward with a fortune of ten thouſand pounds. Such a declaration as this, while there are ſo many fortune-hunters, witty ſparks, pretty fellows, and grave widowers about town, will undoubtedly ſtrike ſome hundreds with a flattering hope that I am eaſily to be carried off: but to ſilence their pretenſions all at once, here follows the deſcription of the only man in the world that I will conſent to marry; and whom I ſhall beg leave to entitle

THE MAID's HUSBAND.

NOTWITHSTANDING it is a fatal maxim among women, "To pleaſe the eye, though "they torture the heart," yet I am ſo far an advocate for pleaſing the eye, that the man I have an idea of, muſt have a perſon graceful and engaging. The features of his face muſt be

be regular; and though regular, agreeable; which as yet I hardly remember to have ſeen, having generally obſerved that where nature is moſt exact, ſhe is leaſt engaging. His eyes muſt be lively, ſparkling, and affecting; and over the whole face there muſt be a clear complexion, health, chearfulneſs and ſenſibility. His ſtature muſt be inclining to the tall; his motion eaſy and genteel; free from the ſhort pert trip of the affected beau, or the haughty tragic ſtep of the more ſolemn fop. His behaviour ſerious, but natural; neither too open, nor too reſerved. His look, his laugh, his ſpeech, and his whole manner, muſt be juſt without affectation, and free without levity.

THUS much for his perſon. I come now to the endowments of his mind; without which, grace, beauty and agreeableneſs will avail him nothing. His genius muſt be fanciful; his knowledge extenſive. Men, as well as books, muſt have been his ſtudy. Learning, freedom and gallantry muſt be ſo blended in him, as to make him always the improving friend, the gay companion, and the entertaining lover. In converſation he muſt ſay nothing with ſtudy, nor yet any thing at random.

His

His thoughts muſt flow from him naturally, yet not without that delicacy of expreſſion, which is neceſſary to give them a genteel turn. To the talents of his mind let me add (if I may be allowed the diſtinction) the qualities of his ſoul. He muſt be generous without prodigality; humane without weakneſs; juſt, without ſeverity; and fond without folly. To his wife he muſt be endearing; to his children affectionate; to his friends warm; and to mankind benevolent. Nature and reaſon muſt join their powers, and to the openneſs of the heart add the virtue of œconomy; making him careful without avarice, and giving him a kind of unconcernedneſs without negligence. With love he muſt have reſpect; and by a continued complaiſance always win upon the inclination. He muſt take care to retain his conqueſt by the means he gained it, and eternally look and ſpeak with the ſame deſires and affections, though with greater freedom.

It has been obſerved by experienced people, that the ſoul contracts a ſort of blindneſs by loving: but the man I am ſpeaking of muſt derive his ſentiments from reaſon; and the paſſion which in others is looked on as the

mark

mark of folly, be in him the true effect of judgment.

To theſe qualities I muſt add that charm which is to be conſidered before all the reſt, though hard to be met with in this libertine age, RELIGION. He muſt be devout without ſuperſtition, and pious without melancholy; far from that infirmity which makes men uncharitable bigots, infuſing into the heart a moroſe contempt of the world, and an antipathy to the pleaſures of it. He muſt not be ſuch a lover of ſociety as to mix with the aſſemblies of knaves and blockheads, nor yet of an opinion that he ought to retire from mankind to ſeek GOD in the horror of ſolitude: on the contrary, he muſt think that the ALMIGHTY is to be found amongſt men, where his goodneſs is moſt active, and his providence moſt employed. There it is that RELIGION muſt enlighten, and reaſon regulate his conduct, both in the cares of ſalvation, and the duties of life.

WITH ſuch a man, a woman muſt enjoy thoſe pleaſures in marriage which none but fools would ridicule. Her huſband would be always the ſame, and always pleaſing. Other

wives

wives are glad if they can now and then find with their husbands one agreeable hour; but with this a disagreeable minute would be impossible. On whatever occasions we should see or speak to each other, it must be with mutual pleasure, and assured satisfaction.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, let your dressing, scribbling, handsome young fellows, whether of the Temple, of the University, of the Army, or of the City, who would be glad of a woman of five and twenty, not disagreeable in her person, and with ten thousand pounds in her pocket, read this character; and if any one of them will assert and prove it to belong to himself, my heart, hand and fortune are entirely at his service. But I believe, sir, that instead of a man, I have been describing a monster of the imagination; a thing that neither is, was, nor ever will be; I am therefore resigned to my condition, and can think without repining of dying a maid (and I hope an old one) since I am not to expect a husband to the wishes of,

SIR,

Your humble servant,

reader and correspondent,

A. B.

THOUGH

THOUGH I doubt not but my fair correſpondent is thoroughly deſerving of the huſband ſhe knows ſo well how to deſcribe, yet I could have wiſhed, for her own ſake, as well as for the ſake of ſome happy man, that ſhe had added a qualifying poſtſcript to her letter, ſignifying that ſhe was willing to make ſome little abatement in her demands. When gentlemen build houſes, it is uſual with them either to give up conveniency for a proſpect, or a proſpect for conveniency. In this manner ſhould a lady act in the choice of a huſband: if ſhe ſets her heart upon a FACE, ſhe ſhould have no diſlike to a coxcomb; or if ſhe falls in love with a MIND, a ſloven ſhould appear charming: for the odds are againſt her, that the handſome man is the one, and the man of knowledge the other.

EXCLUSIVE of myſelf, I know of no ſuch character as the lady has deſcribed: nor dare I ſay a word of my own perſon and accompliſhments, being unfortunately near ſeventy, and a married man. It has alſo been hinted to me (for I ſcorn to deceive anybody) that I have a ſmall ſtoop in my gait, and that I am not

quite

quite ſo well-bred upon all occaſions as a young lady might expect me to be.

I am alſo cautious of recommending any of thoſe gentlemen who are daily advertiſing for wives in the public papers: for whether it be owing to their extreme modeſty, or whether they have really no other accompliſhments than they uſually ſet forth to the world, their deſcriptions of themſelves amount to no more, than "that they are tall, well made, and very "agreeable; that they have healthy conſtitu-"tions, have had liberal educations, and are "of ſober morals." But as theſe deſcriptions are by no means particular enough, I cannot be certain that the publiſhers of them will exactly anſwer the idea of the MAID'S HUSBAND. Beſides, I have lately received letters from particular ladies, who, either as principals or friends, have examined theſe gentlemen, which letters aſſure me that they do not at all come up to the idea given of themſelves, even in their own modeſt advertiſements.

BUT before I take leave of my ingenious correſpondent, I promiſe her to give notice in this paper of the firſt MAID'S HUSBAND that falls within my knowledge; and if ſhe pleaſes

to

to ſignify where and when ſhe will be waited on by any ſuch gentleman, her commands ſhall be executed with the niceſt punctuality. *Or* (as it is very conſiderately expreſſed in an advertiſement now before me) *if the lady dou not chuſe to appear perſonally for the firſt time, may ſend any other proper lady of her acquaintance to the place appointed.*

NUMB. 81. THURSDAY, *July* 18, 1754.

THE following letters need no apology. With regard to the firſt, it may be proper to obſerve that the complaint contained in it is a very juſt one: of the ſecond I ſhall ſay nothing, till I have given it to my readers.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I CAN aſſure you with great truth, that you are the firſt man I ever wrote a letter to, or wiſhed to correſpond with, except my father and my brother. I am the youngeſt of three, ſiſters,

ſiſters, am not quite twenty one, love dreſs and love faſhions, but cannot conſent to appear in the publick walks like a woman of the town. I am ſorry to ſay it, but it is really my opinion, that if the common proſtitutes were to walk in the park with no other covering than a ſhift of Paris-net, half the young ladies of my acquaintance would come into the faſhion.

My two ſiſters may take it as they pleaſe, but they are ſo far gone in the mode, that I hardly ever go abroad with them that we are not addreſſed by gentlemen who are utter ſtrangers to us, in the moſt familiar (and ſometimes the moſt indecent) terms imaginable. No longer ago than laſt week we were mobbed in Spring-gardens, from my eldeſt ſiſter's having affronted a couple of gentlemen, who would fain have entertained us with a glaſs of wine at the Cardigan. For my own part, I tell them both very frankly, that while they endeavour to look like women of the town, it is a great miſtake in them to be above their buſineſs.

Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, favour us with a World upon this ſubject: for as the youngeſt ſiſter, my opinion goes for nothing; and beſides

beſides, I want to have them mortified a little: for they neither love nor eſteem me, becauſe I am ſaid to be handſomer than they, and am better received by all our relations and acquaintance.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

SARAH MEANWELL.

SIR,

I AM a very good-hearted, honeſt girl; but from my ſituation in life, I am afraid people think me otherwiſe. It is my unhappyneſs that from too high a birth, and too low a fortune, I am obliged to live conſtantly with the great; and to tell you the truth, I am really handſomer than moſt of the women I mix with. From this circumſtance I am looked upon with envy by many of my acquaintance: but indeed, ſir, when you know my heart, you will rather think me an object of pity.

THOUGH

THOUGH I have the beſt ſpirits in the world, and am as gay as innocence will ſuffer me to be, I am called a queer creature by the men, and a prude by the women. And all this for what? Truly, becauſe I have more modeſty than the company I keep. And yet, ſo prevailing is example, and ſo neceſſary to a dependent ſtate are good-humour and compliance, that I have not been able at all times to be quite as modeſt as I ſhould be. I do not mean that I have been downright wicked, or that I ever wiſhed to be ſo; but if my grandmother was to riſe from the grave, and to be witneſs to the SENTIMENTS I have drank, and the romps I have played, ſhe would certainly box my ears, and call me by a name too coarſe for me to mention.

IF you are an old man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you will hardly underſtand me; and as I am a young woman, I dare not come to a particular explanation. But if you will be ſo kind as to convince the people of faſhion that decency is a virtue, it would ſave me from many a rent in my clothes, and make my evenings at home, as well as my parties abroad, much pleaſanter to me.

I THINK I may be allowed to ſpeak a little plainer. The privilege of high birth is to do every thing you have a mind to do. It is a maxim with the men to attempt every thing, and with the women to refuſe but one thing. The attacks that are made upon a lady's honour, are conſidered only as compliments to her beauty; and ſhe is the moſt flattered, who is oftenеſt inſulted. Your correſpondent, Mrs. Shuffle, never ſaid a truer thing in her life, than that "cards were an aſylum againſt the "dangers of men:" and I really grow fond of routs and drums, becauſe their deſigns, at ſuch parties, are only againſt my purſe.

BUT if women in the moſt elevated ſituations, either from their own levity, or the impudence of men, are liable to theſe faſhionable attacks, how muſt it fare with a poor girl, who has no fortune to awe theſe libertines into reſpect, and no example among her companions to authorize her reſentment? They conſtrue my very complaints into deſign—"The prude would take us in, would "ſhe? She had better be one of us, or egad "we'll blow her"—This with a little plainer

ſwearing,

ſwearing, and coarſer threatening, has been ſaid of me in my own hearing.

WHAT ſhall I do, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to live comfortably and preſerve my reputation? My fortune, which is no more than two thouſand pounds, is hardly ſufficient to maintain me even in the country; and I ſee nothing but ruin before me, if I continue where I am. I have always conſidered the marriage ſtate as a woman's ſureſt happineſs; and I verily believe I have every qualification, except money, to make it eaſy to him who choſe me. But unleſs I tranſport myſelf to the eaſt or weſt Indies for a huſband, I have no hopes of one. I neither expect nor deſire a man of faſhion; for a clergyman I am too poor; a country ſquire would beat me, and an honeſt tradeſman who knew my education, might imagine I ſhould beat Him. Neither of theſe would be my choice: but if you know of any private gentleman, who has ſeen enough of the world to deſpiſe the follies of it; one who could ſupport me decently, and think himſelf rewarded by love and gratitude; who could ſhare with me in domeſtic pleaſures, or lend me his arm for a viſit to a friend; who at his leiſure hours

would be pleaſed with my prattle, and with a look of delight could tell me that he was happy;—if you know of ſuch a man, you may honeſtly aſſure him, that though I have lived all my life among the great, I am as clean in my perſon, and as modeſt in my inclinations, as if I had never ſeen good company. You may alſo add, and with equal truth, that, excepting a hobble in my gait, and a ſmall propenſity to talk loud in public, I have not the leaſt tincture of quality about me.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

M. A.

THE true ſpirit of irony which ſo plainly appears in this letter, muſt no doubt be highly pleaſing to the polite part of my readers. But as there are many dull people in the world, who have no conceptions beyond the literal meaning of what they read, I ſhall ſubjoin a few remarks of my own, to prevent the aforeſaid dull people from miſtaking a very fine panegyric

negyric for an inſolent libel againſt the chaſteſt and moſt valuable part of mankind.

THIS young lady ſeems to have formed her plan upon the inimitable doctor Swift, who of all men that wrote, underſtood irony the beſt; and who had the happieſt art of conveying compliment under the diſguiſe of abuſe. Her whole epiſtle is irony; which (as my ſagacious friend Mr. Nathan Bayley, in his etymological dictionary, defines it) is a figure in rhetoric, by which we ſpeak contrary to what we think. We are therefore to underſtand by the above letter, that the niceſt decorum and the moſt exemplary chaſtity are the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of our young men of faſhion. That they live in a conſtant practice of all the virtues; and are the ſhining examples of temperance, modeſty, and true politeneſs. By the SENTIMENTS which are given by the ladies over a glaſs of wine, my correſpondent very genteely hints, that young women of condition are the only perſons in the world who can be merry and wiſe: that the bottle, which is too apt to intoxicate the vulgar, can inſpire theſe ladies with the moſt refined ideas of men and things; which

ideas are poured forth in SENTIMENTS, that Plato, Socrates, and all the ſages of antiquity never thought of.

I SHALL only add, that the notions which mean and ignorant women commonly conceive of matrimony, are finely ridiculed in this letter. The writer very humourouſly ſuppoſes, that the domeſtic endearments of private life are more eligible than the ſeparate beds and ſeparate pleaſures of people of condition; and with an archneſs peculiar to herſelf, prefers the huſband who can be the companion to his wife, to the man of rank, who is the companion of all other women.

NUMB. 82. THURSDAY, *July* 25, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT is a received opinion amongſt politicians, that the ſpirit of liberty can never be too active under a conſtitution like ours. But though no lover of his country would deſire

to

to weaken this principle, which has more than once preſerved the nation, yet he may lament the unfortunate application of it, when perverted to countenance party violence, and oppoſition to the moſt innocent meaſures of the legiſlature. The clamour againſt the alteration of the ſtyle ſeemed to be one of theſe inſtances. The alarm was given, and the moſt fatal conſequences to our religion and government were immediately apprehended from it. This opinion gathered ſtrength in its courſe, and received a tincture from the remains of ſuperſtition ſtill prevailing in the counties moſt remote from town. I knew ſeveral worthy gentlemen in the weſt, who lived many months under the daily apprehenſion of ſome dreadful viſitation from peſtilence or famine. The vulgar were almoſt everywhere perſuaded that nature gave evident tokens of her diſapproving theſe innovations. I do not indeed recollect that any blazing ſtars were ſeen to appear upon this occaſion, or that armies were obſerved to be encountering in the ſkies: people probably concluding that the great men who pretended to controul the ſun in his courſe, would aſſume equal autho-

rity over the inferior conſtellations, and not ſuffer any aerial militia to aſſemble themſelves in oppoſition to miniſterial proceedings.

THE objection to this regulation, as favouring a cuſtom eſtabliſhed amongſt papiſts, was not heard indeed with the ſame regard as formerly, when it actually prevented the legiſlature from paſſing a bill of the ſame nature; yet many a preſident of a corporation club very eloquently harangued upon it, as introductory to the doctrine of tranſubſtantiation, making no doubt that fires would be kindled again in Smithfield before the concluſion of the year. This popular clamour has at laſt happily ſubſided, and ſhared the general fate of thoſe opinions which derive their ſupport from imagination, not reaſon.

IN the preſent happy diſpoſition of the nation, the author of the following verſes may venture to introduce the complaints of an ideal perſonage, without ſeeming to ſtrengthen the faction of real parties, without forfeiting his reputation as a good citizen, or bringing a ſcandal on the political character of Mr. Fitz-Adam, by making him the publiſher of a libel againſt the ſtate. This ideal perſonage is no

other

other than the OLD MAY-DAY, the only apparent ſufferer from the preſent regulation. Her ſituation is indeed a little mortifying, as every elderly lady will readily allow; ſince the train of her admirers is withdrawn from her at once, and their adoration transferred to a rival, younger than herſelf by at leaſt eleven days. I am, ſir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

E. L.

THE TEARS OF OLD MAY-DAY.

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, uproſe the gentle MAY;
Bluſhing ſhe roſe, and bluſhing roſe the flow'rs
That ſprung ſpontaneous in her genial ray.

Her locks with Heav'n's ambroſial dews were bright,
And am'rous Zephyrs flutter'd on her breaſt:
With ev'ry ſhifting gleam of morning light
The colours ſhifted of her rainbow veſt.

Imperial enſigns grac'd her ſmiling form,
A golden key, and golden wand ſhe bore;
This charms to peace each ſullen eaſtern ſtorm,
And that unlocks the ſummer's copious ſtore.

Onward in conſcious majeſty ſhe came,
The grateful honours of mankind to toſte;
To gather faireſt wreaths of future fame,
And blend freſh triumphs with her glories paſt.

Vain hope! No more in choral bands unite
Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to MAY *and* LOVE'S *myſterious rite,*
*Bruſh the light dew-draps * from the ſpangled lawn.*

To her no more AUGUSTA'S ‡ *wealthy pride*
Pours the full tribute from POTOSI'S *mine;*
Nor freſh-blown garlands village maids provide,
A purer off'ring at her ruſtic ſhrine.

No more the MAYPOLE'S *verdant height around*
To valour's games th' ambitious youth advance;
No merry bells and tabor's ſprightlier ſound
Wake the loud carol, and the ſportive dance.

Sudden

* Alluding to the country cuſtom of gathering May-dew.

‡ The plate garlands of London.

Sudden in penſive ſadneſs droop'd her head,
Faint on her cheeks the bluſhing crimſon dy'd—
" O! chaſte victorious triumphs, whither fled?
" My maiden honours, whither gone," ſhe cry'd?

Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
The earth and ſmiling ocean ſaw me riſe,
With time coeval and the ſtar of morn,
The firſt, the faireſt daughter of the ſkies.

Then, when at Heav'n's prolific mandate ſprung
The radiant beam of new-created day,
Celeſtial harps, to airs of triumph ſtrung,
Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me MAY.

SPACE *in her empty regions heard the ſound,*
And hills, and dales, and rocks, and vallies rung;
The ſun exulted in his glorious round,
And ſhouting planets in their courſes ſung.

Forever then I led the conſtant year;
Saw YOUTH, *and* JOY, *and* LOVE'S *enchanting wiles;*
Saw the mild GRACES *in my train appear,*
And infant BEAUTY *brighten in my ſmiles.*

No

No Winter frown'd. In ſweet embrace ally'd,
Three ſiſter SEASONS *danc'd th' eternal green;*
And SPRING'S *retiring ſoftneſs gently vy'd*
With AUTUMN'S *bluſh, and* SUMMER'S *lofty mein.*

Too ſoon, when man profan'd the bleſſings giv'n,
And VENGEANCE *arm'd to blot a guilty age,*
With bright ASTREA *to my native Heav'n*
I fled, and flying ſaw the DELUGE *rage:*

Saw burſting clouds eclipſe the noontide beams,
While ſounding billows from the mountains roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my ſtreams,
My nectar'd ſtreams, that flow'd on ſands of gold.

Then vaniſh'd many a ſea-girt iſle and grove,
Their foreſts floating on the watry plain:
Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
My ATALANTIS * *ſunk beneath the main.*

* See Plato.

N°

No longer bloom'd primeval EDEN'S *bow'rs,*
Nor guardian dragons watch'd th' HESPERIAN *ſteep:*
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits and flow'rs,
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

No more to dwell in ſylvan ſcenes I deign'd,
Yet oft' deſcending to the languid earth,
With quickning pow'rs the fainting maſs ſuſtain'd,
And wak'd her ſlumbring atoms into birth.

And ev'ry echo caught my raptur'd name,
And ev'ry virgin breath'd her am'rous vows,
And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
Show'r'd by the MUSES, *crown'd my lofty brows.*

But chief in EUROPE, *and in* EUROPE'S *pride,*
My ALBION'S *favour'd realms, I roſe ador'd;*
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes deny'd,
From AMALTHEA'S *horn with plenty ſtor'd.*

Ah me! for now a younger rival claims
My raviſh'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances, and victorious games,
To her my garlands and triumphal ſong.

O ſay what yet untaſted bounties flow,
What purer joys await her gentler reign?
Do lillies fairer, vi'lets ſweeter blow?
And warbles Philomel a ſofter ſtrain?

Do morning ſuns in ruddier glory riſe?
Does ev'ning fan her with ſerener gales?
Do clouds drop fatneſs from the wealthier ſkies,
Or wantons plenty in her happier vales?

Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And CYNTHIA, *riding on the car of night,*
Through clouds embattled faintly wins her way.

Pale, immature, the blighted verdure ſprings,
Nor mounting juices feed the ſwelling flow'r;
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela ſings
When SILENCE *liſtens at the midnight hour.*

Nor

Nor wonder, man, that nature's baſhful face,
And op'ning charms her rude embraces fear:
Is ſhe not ſprung of APRIL's *wayward race,*
The ſickly daughter of th' unripen'd year?

With ſhow'rs and ſunſhine in her fickle eyes,
With hollow ſmiles proclaiming treach'rous peace;
With bluſhes, harb'ring in their thin diſguiſe,
The blaſt that riots on the SPRING's *increaſe.*

Is this the fair inveſted with my ſpoil
By EUROPE's *laws, and* SENATES' *ſtern command?*
Ungen'rous EUROPE, *let me fly thy ſoil,*
And waft my treaſures to a grateful land:

Again revive on ASIA's *drooping ſhore*
My DAPHNE's *groves, or* LYCIA's *ancient plain;*
Again to AFRIC's *ſultry ſands reſtore*
Embow'ring ſhades, and LYBIAN AMMON's *fane:*

Or haſte to northern ZEMBLA's *ſavage coaſt,*
There huſh to ſilence elemental ſtrife;
Brood o'er the region of eternal froſt,
And ſwell her barren womb with heat and life.

Then BRITAIN — *Here ſhe ceas'd. Indignant grief,*
And parting pangs her fault'ring tongue ſuppreſt:
Veil'd in an amber cloud, ſhe ſought relief,
And tears, and ſilent anguiſh told the reſt.

NUMB. 83. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 1, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

WHEN the ſtudies of learned and philoſophical men are employed in extending the commerce and improving the manufactures of their country, they cannot be held in too high a degree of eſtimation by a trading people.

THE

THE perfection at which our home manufactures are arrived, we impute in a great meaſure to the ingenuity of our ordinary handicrafts, to the induſtry of our merchants, and to the honeſty and integrity of our trading companies. But in my humble opinion, if our natural philoſophers had not kindly ſtept in to the aſſiſtance of the ſaid handicrafts and others, our manufactures would ſcarcely have been carried to ſo great a degree of excellence above thoſe of the ancient, as well as of the modern world. For by as much as we are before all other countries in the knowledge of natural philoſophy, by juſt ſo much are all other countries behind Us in the goodneſs of their manufactures.

IT is by the head of the philoſopher that the hand of the mechanic is put in motion: and though the ancients and a few nations of the moderns may have produced ſome good hands, yet their having made ſo mean a figure in trade, muſt be owing to their want of good philoſophical heads.

THE manufactures of glaſs-porcelain and cephalic ſnuff were abſolutely unknown to the ancients; and they had very little knowledge

in

in the making thunder and lightening, which our own countrymen, from the ſagacity of our philoſophers, and the help of electrical experiments, are now able to make in very conſiderable quantities, to the great honour and emolument of theſe kingdoms.

I AM not afraid of aſſerting, that from this manufacture alone (provided it were put under proper regulations, and honoured with a parliamentary encouragement) we might have it in our power to be the moſt potent, the moſt wealthy, and the happieſt people in the whole univerſe. It would enable us to pay off our national debt in ſix months: it would ſecure us from our enemies without the expence either of fleet or army: or we might conquer France, whenever the common people of England ſhould order it to be done, without the aſſiſtance of allies, or paying one penny to the land-tax. Theſe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I think, are conſiderations which deſerve the attention of the public; at leaſt, they are conſiderations which have induced Me to be very particular in my thoughts upon this valuable commodity.

WHEN electrical experiments were firſt exhibited to the curious, I did not hear that the pro-

profeſſors propoſed any advantages to mankind, except that with the help of their curious engine, they could give a patient a pretty ſmart blow on the elbow, without the uſe of any other weapon. It is true that a ſmall crab-ſtick might have performed the operation; but then it would have been effected by a method common and vulgar. We were informed, indeed, that the electrical engine had been made uſe of in the cure of ſeveral diſtempers; but I do not recollect to have heard that they had any great ſucceſs that way, except that ſome few very mean people were made blind, that three or four necks were diſlocated, and that a child of five years old was frightened into fits. But theſe caſes not being ſufficiently atteſted, and the ſame ſort of cures having been tolerably well performed by many regular bred ſurgeons and apothecaries in this town, I was glad to learn that our philoſophers had confined all their experiments to the manufacture above-mentioned; the proceſs of which is ſo clear and eaſy (all the ingredients being to be found in our own country, and none of them liable to any duty) that I make no doubt of our being able to bring thunder and lightening to market

at

at a much cheaper price than common gunpowder.

I AM informed by a friend, who for theſe laſt five years, has applied himſelf wholly to electrical experiments, that the moſt effectual and eaſy method of making this commodity is by grinding a certain quantity of air between a glaſs ball and a bag of ſand; and when you have ground it into fire, your lightening is made; and then you may either bottle it up, or put it into caſks, properly ſeaſoned for the purpoſe, and ſend it to market. My friend very honeſtly confeſſes, that what he has hitherto made is not of a ſufficient degree of ſtrength to anſwer all the purpoſes of natural lightening; but he aſſures me that he ſhall very ſoon be able to effect it, and that he has already brought it to a very ſurprizing degree of perfection; inſomuch that in the preſence of ſeveral of his neighbours, he has produced a clap of thunder which blew out a candle, accompanied with a flaſh of lightening which made an impreſſion on a pat of butter as it ſtood on the table. He alſo aſſures me that in warm weather he can ſhake all the pewter upon his ſhelf, and that he expects when his thermometer is at ſixty two

degrees and a half, he ſhall be able to ſower all the ſmall-beer in his cellar, and break his largeſt pier-glaſs. If he accompliſhes the two laſt, he flatters himſelf that it will be ſtrong enough to kill a young child; but he is obliged to defer that experiment till his lady is brought to bed.

If theſe facts are true, which I do not in the leaſt doubt, we may ſoon ſee this manufacture in a very flouriſhing condition. For if from a glaſs ball of one foot and a half diameter, which is the ſize of my friend's, we can produce a ſufficient quantity of lightening to deſtroy a child, it follows that a ball of four times that diameter will kill a man in perfect health and vigour; which muſt be a great advantage to the public, and ſave a conſiderable ſum of money which is yearly given to apothecaries and doctors. And if the wheel, thus increaſed in its diameter, increaſes the power; by increaſing it ſtill farther you will make lightening enough to ſplit a church ſteeple.

As for example. Suppoſe A, fig. the 1ſt. to be a glaſs ball 4672 feet diameter, turned upon the ſpindle B, being in length 5792 feet, by the handle C, againſt the ſand bag a a a a, which ſuppoſe to be fixed to the ſide of Richmond hill.

The

The quantity of air ground in an hour will be equal to XX, which will produce of pure lightening 1,694,753 tons; the force of which being applied to St. Bride's ſteeple, will make the crack G H, in fig. the 2d. If this ſhould not be intelligible to thoſe who are unacquainted with the mathematics, I will at any time at a day's notice attend and explain it to them.

I CAN think of but one objection to the erecting the machine above deſcribed, which is the greatneſs of the expence, as being too heavy for any private perſon. But it is to be hoped that ſome public company will undertake it, or that our governors will favour it with their conſideration, and order it to be erected at the public expence. I, who have only the good of my country before me, will moſt readily agree to inſpect the workmen, and ſee that the money ſhall be laid out with the ſtricteſt œconomy, without deſiring a ſhilling for my trouble.

BUT leſt ſome malicious perſons ſhould ſuggeſt that I am writing merely to recommend a job to myſelf, I ſolemnly declare that a full week before I had any thoughts of addreſſing the public by means of your paper, I applied myſelf to a club of ANTI-GALLICANS, of which

which I have the honour to be an unworthy member, and propoſed in a ſpeech that our laudable ſociety ſhould take this infant manufacture into their guardianſhip and protection: And as we had lately diſcovered that nothing excites mankind to good and virtuous actions ſo much as honourable pecuniary gratuities, it was unanimouſly agreed that the ſociety ſhould order premiums to be given out of their public ſtock, for the encouragement of thoſe who ſhould make experiments for the improvement of this manufacture: and the following advertiſement was ordered to be publiſhed.

CAT and FIDDLE LODGE, *July* 21ſt, 1754.

Preſent the VICE GRAND.

ORDERED, *that for the encouragement of the making* THUNDER *and* LIGHTNEING, *the following premiums be given by this ſociety, to be paid by their ſecretary within twelve months after the ſame ſhall be reſpectively adjudged to the ſeveral claimants.*

To any perſon or perſons who ſhall on or before Chriſtmas day next, by a clap of ELECTRICAL THUNDER, *accompanied by a ſufficient quantity of* LIGHTENING, *beat down and deſtroy the dome of St. Paul's cathedral,* 20*s.*

To

To ditto for ditto the Monument on Fiſh-ſtreet hill, 15 *s.*

Covent-Garden church, 7 *s.* 6 *d.*

Weſtminſter Hall in Term-time, 5*s.*

Weſtminſter-bridge, 2*s.* 6*d.*

For the firſt man under forty, and the firſt woman with child, killed by the ſaid THUNDER *and* LIGHTENING; *and for the firſt hay-rick of thirty load and upward, burnt and conſumed,* 1*s. each.*

WHEN, from the above encouragement, theſe uſeful works ſhall be performed, we may conclude the manufacture brought to perfection: and then there will remain a few queries moſt humbly to be ſubmitted to the wiſdom of the legiſlature.

I. WHETHER when we have got a ſtock in hand, more than ſufficient for our own conſumption, we ſhould ſuffer any to be exported?

II. WHAT market will it be likely to meet with abroad?

AND III. Whether it will be moſt prudent to truſt this commodity in private hands, or in the hands of the miniſtry, the city of London, or the crown?

IN

In regard to the firſt of theſe queries, I am of opinion that we may ſafely venture to export whatever is more than ſufficient for our home conſumption, provided it be ſhipped on board our own veſſels, and inſured by the French.

As to query the ſecond, it is not to be doubted that the commodity will meet with a good foreign market. I have converſed with ſeveral merchants upon the ſubject, and know of two who have already received orders from their correſpondents at Jamaica to ſend twenty tons to Barbadoes, to make a hurricane in that iſland; and there are orders from Barbadoes to ſend more than double that quantity to Jamaica. I am alſo aſſured that a certain Spaniſh governor, who is to paſs his accounts next ſpring, has offered ten thouſand pounds for a Tornado, provided it can be ſent over before Chriſtmas.

The laſt of theſe queries is, I own, the moſt difficult to be anſwered: I ſhall therefore ſubmit it to the public, with only obſerving, that as a good patriot I am againſt giving it into the hands of the crown, from an opinion that his preſent Majeſty will forbid the uſe of

it in his own dominions, and command the whole of it to be ſent abroad amongſt our moſt inveterate enemies.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

M. D.

NUMB. 84. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 8, 1754.

I AM indebted to a correſpondent for the following allegory. The manner in which it is written, and the moral it contains, will be a better recommendation of it than any compliment of mine. I ſhall therefore lay it before my readers without farther preface.

PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY, the daughters of PROVIDENCE, were ſent to the houſe of a rich Phænician merchant, named VELASCO, whoſe reſidence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

PROS-

PROSPERITY, the eldeſt, was beautiful as the morning, and chearful as the ſpring: but ADVERSITY was ſorrowful and ill-favoured.

VELASCO had two ſons, FELIX and URANIO. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the ſtricteſt harmony and friendſhip. But Love, before whom all the affections of the ſoul are as the traces of a ſhip upon the ocean, which remain only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to ſet them at variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of PROSPERITY. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns; but to avoid a particular declaration, ſhe avowed a reſolution never to marry, unleſs her ſiſter, from whom ſhe ſaid it was impoſſible for her to be long ſeparated, was married at the ſame time.

VELASCO, who was no ſtranger to the paſſions of his ſons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent conſequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their pretenſions by lots; each previouſly engaging in a ſolemn oath to marry the nymph that

ſhould fall to his ſhare. The lots were accordingly drawn; and PROSPERITY became the wife of FELIX, and ADVERSITY of URANIO.

SOON after the celebration of theſe nuptials VELASCO died, having bequeathed to his eldeſt ſon FELIX the houſe wherein he dwelt, together with the greateſt part of his large fortune and effects.

THE huſband of PROSPERITY was ſo tranſported with the gay diſpoſition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he cloathed her in gold and ſilver, and adorned her with jewels of ineſtimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he turned rivers into his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with muſic, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as ſtrangers, and the companions of his youth paſſed by him unregarded. His brother alſo became hateful in his ſight, and in proceſs of time he commanded the doors of his houſe to be ſhut againſt him.

BUT

BUT as the ſtream flows from its channel and loſes itſelf among the vallies, unleſs confined by banks; ſo alſo will the current of fortune be diſſipated, unleſs bounded by œcónomy. In a few years the eſtate of FELIX was waſted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were ſeized by the mercileſs hands of creditors. He applied himſelf for ſupport to the nobles and great men whom he had feaſted and made preſents to, but his voice was as the voice of a ſtranger, and they remembred not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turn, his wife alſo inſulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart ſo bewitched with her ſorceries, that he purſued her with entreaties, till by her haſte to abandon him, her maſk fell off, and diſcovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

WHAT became of him afterwards tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariouſly on the ſcanty benevolence of a few friends,

who had not totally deſerted him, and that he died in a ſhort time, wretched and an exile.

LET us now return to URANIO, who, as we have already obſerved, had been driven out of doors by his brother FELIX. ADVERSITY, though hateful to his heart, and a ſpectre to his eyes, was the conſtant attendant upon his ſteps: and to aggravate his ſorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richeſt veſſel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was loſt upon the Lybian Syrtes, and, to compleat all, that the banker with whom the greateſt part of his ready money was entruſted, had deſerted his creditors and retired into Sicily. Collecting therefore the ſmall remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre, and, led by ADVERSITY through unfrequented roads and foreſts overgrown with thickets, he came at laſt to a ſmall village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode for ſome time; and ADVERSITY, in return for all the anxiety he had ſuffered, ſoftening the ſeverity of her looks, adminiſtred to him the moſt faithful counſel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the Gods, and to place his whole truſt

truſt and happineſs in their government and protection. She humanized his ſoul, made him modeſt and humble, taught him to compaſſionate the diſtreſſes of his fellow creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

"I AM ſent, ſaid ſhe, by the Gods to thoſe "alone whom they love: for I not only train "them up by my ſevere diſcipline to future "glory, but alſo prepare them to receive with "a greater reliſh all ſuch moderate enjoy-"ments, as are not inconſiſtent with this pro-"bationary ſtate. As the ſpider, when aſ-"ſailed, ſeeks ſhelter in its inmoſt web, ſo the "mind which I afflict, contracts its wander-"ing thoughts, and flies for happineſs to itſelf. "It was I who raiſed the characters of Cato, "Socrates and Timoleon to ſo divine a height, "and ſet them up as guides and examples to "every future age. PROSPERITY, my ſmil-"ing, but treacherous ſiſter, too frequently de-"livers thoſe whom ſhe has ſeduced, to be "ſcourged by her cruel followers, ANGUISH "and DESPAIR: while ADVERSITY never "fails to lead thoſe who will be inſtructed by "her, to the bliſsful habitations of TRAN-"QUILITY and CONTENT."

URANIO liſtened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earneſtly on her face, the deformity of it ſeemed inſenſibly to decreaſe. By gentle degrees his averſion to her abated; and at laſt, he gave himſelf wholly up to her counſel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wiſe maxim of the philoſopher, "That thoſe, who want the feweſt "things, approach neareſt to the Gods, who "want nothing." She admoniſhed him to turn his eyes to the many thouſands beneath him, inſtead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and ſplendor; and in his addreſſes to the Gods, inſtead of aſking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet ſtate, an unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

FINDING him to be every day more and more compoſed and reſigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her ſociety, ſhe at laſt addreſſed him in the following manner.

"As gold is purged and refined from droſs "by the fire, ſo is ADVERSITY ſent by PRO-"VIDENCE to try and improve the virtue of "mortals. The end obtained, my taſk is fi-"niſhed;

"niſhed; and I now leave you, to go and give "an account of my charge. Your brother, "whoſe lot was PROSPERITY, and whoſe "condition you ſo much envied, after having "experienced the error of his choice, is at laſt "releaſed by death from the moſt wretched of "lives. Happy has it been for URANIO, that "his lot was ADVERSITY, whom if he re-"members as he ought, his life will be ho-"nourable, and his death happy."

As ſhe pronounced theſe words, ſhe vaniſhed from his ſight. But though her features at that moment, inſtead of inſpiring their uſual horror, ſeemed to diſplay a kind of languiſhing beauty, yet as URANIO, in ſpite of his utmoſt efforts, could never prevail upon himſelf to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wiſhed for her return. But though he rejoiced in her abſence, he treaſured up her counſels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

HE afterwards betook himſelf again to merchandize; and having in a ſhort time acquired a competency ſufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpoſe, and where he de-

termined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening and husbandry, in quelling all disorderly passions, and in forming his mind by the lessons of ADVERSITY. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honey-suckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters the following inscription.

Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,
TRUTH, LIBERTY, CONTENT, *and* VIRTUE *dwell.*
Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,
What PALACE *can display so fair a train?*

HE lived to a good old age; and died honoured and lamented.

NUMB;

NUMB. 85. THURSDAY, *Aug.* 15, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM a young country bride of eighteen (if I may call myſelf a bride after having been married a month and two days) and if my huſband, who every body ſays is the handſomeſt and beſt made man in the county, does not flatter me, I am as agreeable as youth, health, good features, a clear ſkin and an eaſy ſhape can make me. We both married for love; and I may venture to ſay that no couple in the world have been happier than we. But alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, within this week the dear man has appeared to be unuſually thoughtful and low-ſpirited; and the day before yeſterday he came booted to me at breakfaſt, and told me that a ſudden and unexpected affair had made it neceſſary for him to ſet out that morning for his eſtate in Berkſhire.

As I thought it my duty not to pry into more than he had a mind to tell me, I only wiſhed

wiſhed him a ſafe journey and a ſpeedy return, and ſaw him take horſe.

I AMUSED myſelf as well as I could the firſt day of his abſence by looking into family affairs. The ſecond day I was viſited by a widow lady in the neighbourhood, who from a vaſt flow of ſpirits, and a particular freedom of ſpeech, is thought by our ſober country people to be a very odd kind of a lady. "My dear creature!' ſaid ſhe, running up to me and ſaluting me, "I heard you were alone, "and thought it would be charity to viſit the "forſaken and afflicted." "Indeed, madam," anſwered I with a ſigh, "I am fooliſhly out "of ſpirits." "Nay, ſays ſhe, my dear, I am "far from blaming you; the abſence of a huſ- "band a month after marriage is as bad as "his death would be ſome years hence." "How, madam," interrupted I, "do you "think—?" "Nay, nay, no grave faces," ſhe replied, "I only ſpeak for myſelf. I had "not been married to major Machoney three "weeks before he was ordered away with his "regiment to Flanders; and I aſſure you "that the news of his death four months af- "ter did not ſhock me half ſo much as our

"firſt

"first parting." "You are not in earneſt!" cried I with aſtoniſhment. "Why not?" ſaid ſhe. "But I ſhould have told you, my "dear, that he had loſt a leg and an arm the "week before; ſo that I was quite prepared: "and indeed it was always a ſentiment of mine, "that a brave man had better be dead than "diſabled. But pray," continued ſhe, ſmiling and looking oddly with her eyes, "where "is your huſband, child?" I told her buſineſs had called him into Berkſhire. "Yes, yes, "ſays ſhe, we all know his buſineſs. Have "you never heard of his having an uncle in "that county? Depend upon it, my dear, he "is gone to ſee his uncle."

I WAS greatly ſurprized at hearing of my huſband's uncle, having never received the leaſt hint from him that he had any ſuch relation; and of this Mrs. Machoney would give me no other information, than by aſſuring me, that to her certain knowledge he was gone to ſee his uncle.

A PARTICULAR friend of my huſband's dropt in upon us at this inſtant, who, upon my enquiring after this uncle, and if he had heard

heard his friend talk of making him a viſit, ſeemed to be of the widow's opinion, though he could not take upon him to aſſert that he had ever ſeen him, or ſo much as knew in what part of Berkſhire he lived.

I BEGAN now to grow uneaſy; for as I had been married in the face of the world, and as none of my own relations were ſtrangers to my huſband, I thought it a little odd that any of his ſhould be ſo to me. But I was ſoon eaſed of this perplexity by being thrown into a greater. As I have conſtantly taken in your papers, it occurred to me all at once, that this uncle whom my huſband was gone to viſit, was no other than a Welch uncle, who according to the fifty-ſixth number of the WORLD, is one who officiates in genteel families in the capacity of a HEARER. And now it went to my very heart, to think that I had ſo tired my huſband by my talkativeneſs, as to compel him to take a journey into Berkſhire in ſearch of a HEARER. It is impoſſible to tell you what pain it gave me; yet ſurely ſome allowance ſhould be made for the pratling of a bride, who has a thouſand things

to ſay to a huſband, which ſhe durſt not to her lover. But whatever excuſes may be made for me, either from my youth, my ſex, my fondneſs, or my love of talking, it gives me the moſt piercing concern to know that I am the ſole cauſe of his taking this journey: and it is to tell him of this concern, and the amendment it has produced, that I trouble you with this letter; which if it ſhould find him in his retreat (for the WORLD I am told is in almoſt every part of England) may haſten him to his home again, where he ſhall find me for my whole life to come the moſt willing of all HEARERS.

I ASSURE you, ſir, I am not myſelf when I think on what I have done. Good Heaven! I cry twenty times an hour, that in the very firſt month of our marriage I ſhould have ſent the dear creature upon a viſit to an UNCLE! I would do any thing, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to prevent the frequency of theſe viſits: and that he may know more of my mind than I can have courage to tell him any other way, I beg your immediate publication of this letter; which as it cannot be an entertainment to

your

your readers, will be a proof of your great good-nature, and the higheſt obligation to,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

and admirer,

S. W.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

YOUR attempt in your fifty-ſeventh paper to reſcue Parſons, Authors and Cuckolds from the contempt which the generality of mankind are too apt to entertain of them, was extremely generous and praiſe-worthy. It is in the triple capacity of Parſon, Author and Cuckold that I write this letter. By the will of my parents I am a Parſon; by own wants I am an Author; and by the wants of my wife I am a Cuckold. So that were all or either of theſe profeſſions in reality contemptible, as I am neither of them by choice, I ought in juſtice to eſcape the obloquy that attends them.

In regard to my parents (who are now at reſt in their graves) I acquit them of any evil intention in making me a Parſon. Of myſelf I can truly ſay, that my wants were ſo urgent, I muſt either have ſtarved or turned Author; and as to my wife, everybody who knows her will acknowledge her wants to have been equally urgent, by the pains ſhe has taken to get them ſupplied.

But notwithſtanding all theſe circumſtances in my favour, and what is ſtill more, the honour you have done us by eſpouſing our cauſe, I do not find that I am one jot the better treated. As a Parſon I am preaching every ſunday to an audience faſt aſleep: as an Author, the ſquire of the Pariſh, and all thoſe that hunt with him, are removing their handkerchiefs from the pocket that is next me as often as I ſit down at table with them: and as a Cuckold, the very children in the ſtreet are taught to hold up their fingers to their foreheads and butt at me as I paſs by them.

No longer ago than yeſterday, I overheard my daughter Jenny, a girl of ſix years old, enquiring of her mother what made papa be ſuch a Cuckold; for that miſs Maddocks, and miſs

Tomlinſon,

Tomlinſon, and all the miſſes at ſchool ſaid, that to be ſure he muſt be a ſad man to be ſuch a Cuckold. And two days ago my little boy, who is but a year older than his ſiſter, ran crying into the kitchen as I was chiding him for not ſaying his catechiſm, and told the maid that papa had toſſed him with his horns. A neighbour's daughter indeed, who is juſt entering into her teens, tells me that ſhe ſhould like a Cuckold for a huſband of all things, for that I am ſo pure and good-humoured, nothing can be like it. To ſay the truth, I have hardly a friend in the world, out of my own family, except this girl and an officer of the blues, whoſe quarters are within a few doors of us, and who often talks to my wife about a living which is in his father's gift, and which upon the death of the preſent incumbent he aſſures her ſhall be mine. I know of no obligations that this gentleman is under to me, except that he has been remarkably lucky in horſe-fleſh ſince his coming into theſe parts; and which it is ſaid he aſcribes ſolely to his acquaintance in my family. But though I may now and then have given him my opinion, his

ſucceſs

ſucceſs that way has been more owing to his own ſkill, than to any judgment of mine.

But I am running my letter into length, when I only intended to tell you, that your paper upon the three orders to which I belong, though well intended, has failed of its effect: and to aſſure you that in conſideration of the intention, as a Parſon I ſhall pray for you, as an Author I ſhall praiſe you, and as a Cuckold I ſhall be proud of an opportunity of making you acquainted with my wife.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged and
moſt humble ſervant,

T. H.

Numb. 86. Thursday, *Aug.* 22, 1754.

Tum violaria, et
Myrtus, et omnis copia narium,
Spargent olivetis odorem,
Fertilibus domino priori. Hor.

Mr. Fitz-Adam,

When I conſider how remarkably the ſeveral periods, in the riſe and declenſion

cleſion of ancient ſtates, have been characterized by the varying manners of their people, I am apt to believe, that an enquiry into the importance of our preſent taſte for flowers, would be no very idle and unintereſting ſpeculation. But as I would not willingly foreſtall any abler pen, on a ſubject that deſerves to be conſidered by every patriot philoſopher of the age, I ſhall endeavour to confine my preſent animadverſions upon it within the narrow compaſs of my own private experience, and content myſelf with giving a ſhort account of the motives which induced me to commence a floriſt at firſt, and of the advantages which I have ſince derived from the offices of my profeſſion.

It is obſervable, that the laws of decency and politeneſs are, for the moſt part, nothing but mere local inſtitutions, very much limited in their authority, and very arbitrary and fluctuating in their nature; and that no one who offers himſelf a candidate for fame in matters of taſte and faſhion, can ſucceed in his pretenſions at firſt, without accommodating them to the approbation of popular prejudice, or hold his reputation, after he has once procured

cured it, on any ſafer tenure than the uncertain voice of the multitude. Now, I muſt own, I imagined (and perhaps many have been as much deceived in this point as myſelf) that the vegetable virtuoſo's credit was more particularly ſubject to this precarious dependence, and that the chief ſecurity of its ſupport, conſiſted only in the accidental concurrence of numbers in an unaccountable and trifling purſuit. And it is very probable that I ſhould never have been convinced of the contrary, had I not been fortunately induced to purchaſe a ſmall collection of flowers, in order to eſcape the odious imputation of a taſteleſs ſingularity. But as many a commendable action has been undertaken at firſt on no better principle than the fear of ſhame, which has afterwards been proſecuted on a more generous motive; ſo was I brought at length to improve that collection in conſequence of my own thorough conviction of its great importance, which was originally procured in compliance only with the fancies of other people.

BEING rather of a contemplative turn, and not very apt to whiſtle away any of my vacant

cant time, I was not long in diſcovering that the cultivation of flowers had in it a much finer mixture of the *utile dulci* than any other employment whatever. But before I attempt to ſhew in what particular reſpects it is moſtly ſuited to inſtruct and delight, I would willingly remove two very common objections, notwithſtanding, as their abſurdity is almoſt as evident as any thing belonging to them, they may be thought hardly worthy of my notice. Suppoſing then, that ſuch an inconſiderate and ſuperficial obſerver of things may poſſibly be met with, as ſhall reckon it any diſparagement to the intrinſic value of a flower, that it is expoſed to a great variety of accidents from the inclemency of the weather, and perpetually ſubject to the irregular dominion of the ſolar influence; it will be ſufficient to convince him of his miſtake, if he is not quite incapable of being convinced at all, only juſt to remind him of the uncertain condition of his own proſperity, and admoniſh him to reflect how little ſecure he is of being always preſerved from the oppreſſive ſtorms, or of enjoying the conſtant ſunſhine, of fortune. And if that other objection, drawn from the ſuppoſed

poſed vanity of regarding any thing of ſuch a ſhort duration as the bloom of a flower, be admitted as concluſive, it muſt unavoidably prove a great deal too much; ſince it will not only hold with equal force againſt every temporal enjoyment, and all worldly ſatisfactions whatever; but (which I muſt confeſs is a very ſhocking conſideration to me) will utterly annihilate all thoſe engaging qualities of the fair ſex, which are moſt eſſentially neceſſary to recommend them to our love and admiration. Let me add moreover, that if there be that real ſimilitude, which the frequency of the alluſion ſeems to make unqueſtionable, between human life and a flower, it follows that no man can pretend to a right of deſpiſing the one, that would be thought to place any value on the other.

NOTHING ought to be reckoned good any farther than as it contributes to our happineſs. The value we put upon any poſſeſſion or employment, is the only ſtandard that can be properly applied to determine its real worth. Whatever therefore is beſt fitted to adminiſter delight to any particular perſon, ought certainly to be regarded, by Him at leaſt, as the chief ingredient

ingredient of that *ſummum bonum*, which, though it be the common end of all our endeavours, has however been purſued by as many different means as there have been different men. But ſuppoſing that no allowances were to be made in favour of ſingular propenſities; yet he that can enlarge the ſphere of his enjoyments, by contracting the extent of his poſſeſſions, ought, in all reaſonable conſtruction, to be deemed a much happier man, than he who under a fooliſh perſuaſion that he is ſecuring to himſelf an inexhauſtible fund of delight, ſhall take inceſſant pains to augment thoſe riches, and extend thoſe territories, which, after all, will as much diſqualify him for enjoyment, as an unweildly corpulency of perſon would incapacitate him for expedition. And one might eaſily produce many inſtances of men, who by a prudent converſion of ſuch incumbrances into flowers, have received more ſatisfaction from the products of a ſmall parterre, than from the income of a large eſtate; and found themſelves as compleatly happy as a Corycius, after they had once reduced their concerns to the eaſy management of a ſingle acre.

FOLLY

FOLLY may ſuggeſt what it pleaſe; but that alone ought to be eſteemed a trifle, which is of no conſequence; whereas there is nothing in nature unworthy of a wiſe man's regard, becauſe the moſt inferior of all her productions, may, in ſome light or another, be made inſtrumental to his improvement.

WERE we to reflect, in a proper manner, on the correlative importance of ſuch objects, as may be thought uſeleſs and inſignificant, when conſidered only with regard to themſelves, we ſhould diſcover a mediate ſort of union between the wideſt links of that indefinite chain which holds together the conſtituents of the univerſe: we ſhould perceive that all thoſe things, which are moſt diſſimilar in every other reſpect, do however agree in that common deſtination, whereby they become ſo many equally important parts of one ſtupendous whole: and we ſhould find as fit a place for the diſcovery of truth in every flower-garden, as in the celebrated groves of Cadmus.

IT has been from this ſchool that I have procured the beſt part of my philoſophy; and from this too have I learnt to improve and

confirm my morals. The volume of nature is ſo full of paſſages above the explication of human learning, that the beſt proof of our having ſtudied it with uncommon diligence and ſucceſs, muſt conſiſt, chiefly, in our being able to produce from it many uncommon inſtances of our ignorance; and I have the vanity, or I ſhould rather ſay the modeſty to boaſt, that I have diſcovered difficulties enough in one ſingle leaf of it, to clear up my underſtanding from the ſtupifying influence of a conceited ſufficiency, and to improve my reaſon into a perfect diffidence of its utmoſt force and penetration. Nor have I a flower in my poſſeſſion that is leſs abounding in moral inſtruction, than in beauty and ſweetneſs. I cannot obſerve that induſtrious nicety with which the bee examines into every thing that comes in his way, without conſidering it as a reproachful admonition to myſelf: and if I do not collect ſome uſeful leſſon, that may ſupport me under all the enſuing revolutions of my life, from every flower that ſuch an inſect can extract proviſion from againſt the future exigences of his, I am ready to place it to the account of my negligence, and to think myſelf

myſelf guilty of the moſt unpardonable folly, in ſuffering Him alone to profit from that, which I aſſume the abſurd privilege of calling my own.

In ſhort, there is ſuch a cloſe affinity between a proper cultivation of a flower-garden and a right diſcipline of the mind, that it is almoſt impoſſible for any thoughtful perſon that has made any proficiency in the one, to avoid paying a due attention to the other. That induſtry and care which are ſo requiſite to cleanſe a garden from all ſorts of weeds, will naturally ſuggeſt to him how much more expedient it would be to exert the ſame diligence in eradicating all ſorts of prejudices, follies and vices from the mind, where they will be as ſure to prevail without a great deal of care and correction, as common weeds in a neglected piece of ground. And as it requires more pains to extirpate ſome weeds than others, according as they are more firmly fixt, more numerous, or more naturalized to the ſoil; ſo thoſe faults will be found the moſt difficult to be ſuppreſſed, which have been of the longeſt growth, and taken the deepeſt root; which

are moſt predominant in number, and moſt congenial to the conſtitution.

PHILANTHOS.

NUMB. 87. THURSDAY, *Aug.* 29, 1754.

THERE is no one ſubject that has given ſuch frequent exerciſe to the pens of my correſpondents as the behaviour of ſervants. Were I to have publiſhed all the letters I have received upon it (not to mention the abuſes that have been ſent me for refuſing to make thoſe letters public) they would almoſt have equalled in number the letters that have been ſent me upon all other ſubjects. *The plague of ſervants* is the phraſe in everybody's mouth: yet how fond we are of increaſing this plague, even to the deſtruction of our fortunes, may be ſeen in almoſt every family that has any pretenſions to gentility. But I muſt beg pardon of theſe correſpondents for thinking a little differently from them upon this occaſion; or rather for taking the part of ſervants in oppoſition to their maſters.

HAVING

HAVING paſſed the greateſt part of my life in families, and being a ſtrict (though I hope not an impertinent) obſerver of all occurrences that happen in them, I was very early of opinion that the good or bad qualities of ſervants were generally to be aſcribed to the conduct of their maſters: and by repeated experiences ſince, I am become ſo ſanguine in this opinion, that when I have a mind to ſtudy any maſter or miſtreſs thoroughly, I obſerve with circumſpection the particular diſpoſitions and behaviour of their ſervants. If I find chearfulneſs in their countenances, ſobriety in their manners, neatneſs in their perſons, readineſs in their attendance, and harmony among themſelves, I always conclude that the maſter and miſtreſs of ſuch ſervants have hearts which (according to a ſignificant expreſſion in low life) *lie in the right places*. On the contrary, wherever I ſee ſervants with ſullenneſs or ill-nature in their looks, with ſlothfulneſs in their motions, or ſlovenlineſs in their clothes; or, above all, when I hear them quarrelling among themſelves; I conclude that they are copying the manners of thoſe they ſerve, and that the maſter and miſtreſs of that houſe, whatever

characters they may bear in the world, are diſagreeable in themſelves, and a plague to all about them.

By this rule I am generally able to judge with what degree of eſtimation I am received at the ſeveral tea-tables where I viſit. I look only at the ſervant to know if I am a welcome gueſt to his miſtreſs and the family: if he opens the door to me with a look of indifference, or ſeems ſlack in his attendance upon me, I ſhorten the time of my ſtay, and leſſen the number of my viſits at that houſe. But if he ſhews me up ſtairs with a good grace, or looks at me with attention while I am indulging an old man's fondneſs for prattling, I am as well ſatisfied of his miſtreſs's regard for me, as if ſhe had offered me her purſe.

The Spectator ſpeaking of a family of ſervants, ſays, "That inſtead of flying from the "parts of the houſe through which their ma"ſter is paſſing, they induſtriouſly contrive to "place themſelves in his way." And I am intimate in a family, where the only unpleaſant hours that ſervants know, are thoſe in which the maſter and miſtreſs of the houſe are abſent. I have obſerved with great delight,

light, when my friend and his lady have been ſtepping into the coach for a journey of a few days, that the man and maid-ſervants have been crouding to the door, and with tears in their eyes waiting for the laſt kind nod, as they have driven from the houſe. It has done my heart good, when in the abſence of their maſter and miſtreſs I have looked in upon theſe honeſt people, to ſee with what eagerneſs they have run to me, to enquire, every one at once, if I had heard any news of their benefactors, and at what time they would return. It would be unneceſſary, after what I have ſaid of theſe ſervants, to enter upon the characters of the maſter and miſtreſs. I ſhall content myſelf with obſerving, that if all thoſe who have ſervants were of the ſame diſpoſitions with the people I am ſpeaking of, I ſhould hardly have had occaſion to write upon this ſubject.

SENECA ſays of ſervants, "That they are a "kind of humble friends." (Not according to the modern acceptation of humble friends; for by ſuch are meant thoſe who are to be ſtill more dependent on our humours, and who in return for precarious meat and drink, are

to think, ſpeak and act exactly as we would have them.) He goes on to obſerve, "That "it is the part of a wiſe and good man to "deal with his inferior as he would have "his ſuperior deal with Him; fortune having "no more power over ſervants than over their "maſters: and he that duly conſiders how "many ſervants have come to be maſters, and "how many maſters to be ſervants, will lay no "great ſtreſs of argument either upon the one, "or upon the other. Some uſe their ſervants "worſe than beaſts, in ſlaviſh attendances be-"tween their drink and their luſts; as if they "were not made of the ſame materials with "their maſters, or to breathe the ſame air, or "to die under the ſame conditions. It is wor-"thy obſervation (continues he) that the moſt "imperious maſters over their own ſervants, "are at the ſame time the moſt abject ſlaves to "the ſervants of other maſters. I will not "diſtinguiſh a ſervant by his office, but by "his manners; the one is the work of for-"tune, the other of virtue."

THUS far ſays Seneca: and indeed the wretchedneſs of ſervitude is altogether owing to the pride of ſuperiority: a pride, which

if

if properly exerted, would appear in making thoſe happy whom fortune has made dependent upon us for favour and ſupport. This indeed would be the pride of a MAN; and I have always conſidered it as the principal happineſs of every maſter, that Heaven has placed him in a ſituation to make life eaſy and comfortable to thoſe whoſe lot it is to depend upon him for bread.

FOR my own part, I have always been of opinion that the maſter is as much obliged to the ſervant who acquits himſelf in his office with diligence and faithfulneſs, as the ſervant to the maſter for his favour and indulgence. But in the common opinion it is otherwiſe: and the performance of thoſe duties which ſhall intitle the ſervant to a reward in Heaven, ſhall be inſufficient to procure him either a civil word, or a kind look from his imperious maſter.

How contrary a behaviour is that of the family above-mentioned! If a ſervant has done his duty, he is ſure to be commended for it: if through incapacity or inadvertency he has committed a fault, it is paſſed over with good-humour; or if through careleſſneſs or deſign,

the admonitions he receives are the admonitions of a friend, who adviſes him, for his own ſake, to amendment, and encourages him to ſet about it by gentleneſs and perſuaſion. It may be worth the mentioning, that my friend's butler was cured of a violent inclination to ſotting, by having the keys of the cellar delivered to his keeping; and that the houſekeeper, who is one of the moſt thoughtful and diſcreet matrons I know of, was one of the giddieſt girls alive, till the affairs of the family were thrown into her hands.

I DO not mean to inſinuate by theſe circumſtances, that every drunken footman ſhould keep the keys of his maſter's cellar, or that every madcap of a maid ſhould be intruſted, by way of ſobering her, with the management of a family; I only mentioned them to ſhew that even vices and follies are ſometimes to be cured by good uſage; and if ſo, how greatly may good qualities be improved by the ſame indulgent behaviour!

I HAVE ſaid in a former paper, that people are more likely to be praiſed into good qualities, than to be railed out of bad ones: and I have always found, that to commend a ſervant

vant for doing right (and every ſervant does right ſometimes) has had a much better effect than chiding and complaining when he has happened to do wrong. To cheriſh the deſire of pleaſing in a ſervant, you muſt ſhew him that you are pleaſed; for what encouragement is there for his perſeverance, unleſs you tell him at firſt that he is in the right way?

To conclude this ſubject; I would have ſervants conſidered as reaſonable beings; as thoſe, who though they have the frailties of men, have alſo their virtues, their affections and their feelings: that they can repay good offices with gratitude, and ill ones with neglect; and that they are intitled to our favour, till they have deſerved our diſpleaſure. I ſhall only add, for the information of my correſpondents, that I ſhall pay no regard to the complaints that are ſent me againſt Bad ſervants, unleſs I am thoroughly convinced that they come from Good maſters.

NUMB. 88. THURSDAY, *September* 5, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

FROM a full conviction that your ears are always open to the afflicted, I preſume to ſend you the ſtory of my diſtreſs, which is left to your diſcretion whether or no it be deſerving of public commiſeration. Previous, however, to what relates immediately to myſelf, be ſo kind as to indulge an elderly man, whoſe infirmity it is to be talkative, and who delights in a long train of animadverſions upon every intereſting occurrence.

AT the creation of your WORLD your modeſty ſuggeſted that the advantages accruing from it might enable you in due time to keep a one-horſe chair, and that as ſoon as you were in poſſeſſion of this vehicle, you would invite the reader to a ſeat in it, and occaſionally make the tour of the adjacent villages. But whether you are enabled to ſet up this equipage or not,

not, I would adviſe you, at this ſeaſon of the year, to withdraw your laudable purpoſe of reforming vice triumphant in town, and to let your endeavours be directed to confirm virtue militant in the country. Drinking, gaming, atheiſm, and the minor vices, which from time immemorial have more or leſs ſwarmed in our capital, have been combated by the moſt eminent divines, moraliſts and poets, and all to no purpoſe. For my own part, I cannot help looking upon almoſt every ſpecies of diſſoluteneſs as a kind of plague; and if I was worthy of adviſing the legiſlature, I ſhould propoſe that a line of circumvallation might be made at the diſtance of five miles all round the town, and a guard appointed to prohibit all perſons, betraying the leaſt ſymptom of any of theſe epidemical diſeaſes, from paſſing the line. Provided always, that in caſe a radical cure ſhall be effected on a patient or patients, he, ſhe, or they, on a proper certificate declaring them free from all infection, may be privileged to quit thoſe noiſome quarters, and retire into the country. I can think of no other method by which the miſerable objects that range under the ſeveral denominations of gameſters, ſwear-

ers, liars, drunkards, coxcombs, faſhion-mongers, &c. in either ſex, may be excluded all communion with thoſe who are untainted.

A CONSIDERATE perſon cannot paſs a coxcomb in his walks, without being ſenſibly hurt at the reflection that ſuch a calamity is incident to human nature. Theſe deplorable creatures are incapacitated from concealing their complaint: a primary ſymptom is a total ſuppreſſion of every reaſonable thought; after which, there can be no wonder, if, when they are become fools, they put on the habit of their order, and continue to fatigue the invention of their tradeſmen, with a view to beguile the tedioufneſs of time.

WHAT, Mr. Fitz-Adam, ſhall we ſay to thoſe perſons who will ſubject themſelves to infection by a communication with ſuch wretches? I could as ſoon pay a viſit to a man born deaf and dumb, for the ſake of converſation, as deceive myſelf with the idea of improvement with one of theſe coxcombs. The notoriety of the ſymptoms attending this diſeaſe, makes it needleſs to recite them all; a vaſt pomp of dreſs, an habitual contraction of the muſcles to a grin, with a continual incoherent

herent kind of prattle, are ſo many characteriſtics of their diſtemper. And, I fear, the validity of our plea would be rejected, ſhould we urge that we fell inadvertently into their company; ſince they generally carry their heads, like thoſe of poſts on a foot-path, ſufficiently whitened, to deter even the moſt heedleſs from ſtumbling on them in the dark.

AMONG the ſeveral peſtilences which conſtitute the general plague, no one is of equal fatality with that of FASHION. Thoſe who are ſeized with this phrenſy, as they are the moſt numerous, ſo are they the moſt extravagant in their actions. The females diſcover their being tainted, by every geſticulation of a COUSIN BETTY. They wear no cap, and only ſubſtitute in its room a variety of trumpery ribbands, tied up with no other propriety than the preſent fit ſhall happen to direct. Let your eye travel over the whole perſon, and by the diſpoſition of the dreſs, you will no longer heſitate if the imagination is diſturbed. By what means, Mr. Fitz-Adam, except by the effects, ſhall we determine the *mens ſana?* And what judgment ought we to paſs upon thoſe crowds of females, who are every day tottering

along

along the public walks upon peg-heels? Nothing, ſurely, can be more repugnant to common ſenſe, than this contrivance in the ladies to weaken their ſupport, who had before too great an aptitude to fall. If there can be any reaſon aſſigned for ſo ſtrange a conduct, it muſt be this, that they thought it neceſſary to diminiſh the baſe, after they had lightened the capital.

It would be a downright arraignment of your ſagacity to imagine that the malignant conſequences annexed to this diſtemper are unnoticed by you. An object whoſe entire maſs of blood is corrupted by FASHION, becomes not unworthy the cognizance of the higher powers, as the moſt prejudicial Being to a civil ſociety. In order to think as I do, you need only to conſider what are the evils conſequential to FASHION. Are they not thoſe of folly, pride, extravagance, gaming, and even diſhoneſty? Perſons afflicted with this malady, are apt to imagine themſelves under no obligation to pay their juſt debts; while thoſe contracted at a gaming-table are to be diſcharged with all the punctuality of honeſty.

THESE reflections, Mr. Fitz-Adam, are the reſult of a heart-felt concern for the good of my country. The proſperous growth of every kind of iniquity cannot fail, in the end, of endangering her political health. One ſhould be apt to believe that our own ſoil was not pregnant enough with vice, while we are daily adopting every exotic folly. Our natural enemy, even antecedent to conqueſt, is impoſing upon us, not only her language, but her manners and her dreſs. A ſuperficial view of the hiſtory of old Rome will preſent us with every ſimilar circumſtance of corruption——God forbid a ſimilar fate ſhould overtake us!

I HAVE hitherto ſuppreſſed an inclination to trouble you with my diſapprobation of the times; and nothing leſs than an open violation of all the laws of decency, good ſenſe and duty, in my own family, could have prompted me to enlarge the liſt of your correſpondents. I am now, ſir, at my paternal eſtate, where I conſtantly reſide, unleſs ſome unavoidable occurrence breaks in upon my retirement, and calls me to town. In the younger part of my days, by virtue of public employments, I was admitted to a pretty large commerce with mankind;

kind; but on my father's deceaſe, ſatiated with the pleaſures of high life, I withdrew in my forty firſt year to the place I now write from. I am conſcious of no very material imprudence that I have been guilty of, except my marriage, which has ſhaded my viſionary proſpect of happineſs with the heavieſt diſquietude. Two daughters only are the iſſue of this marriage; who, thanks to the tuition of their mother, are not wanting in any ſingle accompliſhment of modiſh education. They ſpeak French before they underſtand Engliſh, and play at cards for pounds, without knowing the value of a ſhilling; and, in a word, by a patrician diſreliſh of œconomy, ſpeak themſelves the inconteſted children of ſir Pope Pedigree's daughter. I forbear to mention the manner in which (with their mother's connivance) they affect to expoſe the obſcurity of my family; becauſe I muſt acknowledge it to have been deſtitute of the honour of a dignified ſpendthrift, or an illuſtrious ſuicide.

HAVING lived ſo long a voluntary exile from the beau mond, my maxims are exploded as quite obſolete. My wife and daughters are perpetually aſſuring me that I act in no reſpect like

like any of my polite neighbours: I will not diſpute that they have ſome colour of truth for this aſſertion; for you muſt be ſenſible, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that it is no eaſy matter for a man in his grand climacteric to diveſt himſelf of old accuſtomed prejudices; and though I profeſs all imaginable deference to my great neighbours, they muſt excuſe the awkward particularity I have of paying my debts, and of obſtinately perſevering in going now and then to church. Beſides what I have mentioned, I have the peculiar felicity of ſeeing, that nothing which either my anceſtors or I have done, within or without doors, is in the leaſt correſpondent with my family's taſte. The garden is a devoted victim to their caprice: laſt ſummer they erected in it a Chineſe temple, but it proved too cold to be inhabited. In the winter, all my Chriſtmas blocks went to the compoſition of a hermitage, which is only tenanted by my girls, and the female hermits of taſte of their acquaintance. This ſpring I narrowly eſcaped the reputation of building a ruin in my park; but luckily as my workmen were lopping ſome of my trees, they opened, by mere accident, a proſpect to my lord Kill-

dollar's

dollar's houſe, the nobleſt, perhaps, and moſt natural ruin extant.

It is impoſſible for you to conceive the inſtances I could enumerate; but not to tire your patience by a long detail of grievances, I ſhall cloſe my letter with obſerving, that I ſee a ſucceſſion of them before me, while my wife is above polluting the blood of the Pedigrees, by admitting into her compoſition the leaſt tincture of affability; and while my daughters are in a fair way of dying unmarried, by their polite behaviour, and meretricious ſtyle of dreſs. If the reaſonableneſs of my complaint ſhould obtain the ſanction of your approbation, and be countenanced in the World, it will in ſome meaſure alleviate the affliction of,

Sir,

Your conſtant reader and admirer.

Numb. 89. Thursday, *September* 12, 1754.

IT has been the common practice ever ſince I can remember, for people to recommend the particular wares they deal in, by ſetting forth

forth that they are more eſſentially neceſſary at the preſent time, than they were ever known to be in times paſt. The doctor, to recommend his ELIXIR *for the nerves*, addreſſes you with, "Never were NERVOUS DECAYS &c. "ſo frequent as at preſent." The man of learning prefaces his diſcourſe upon occult qualities with, "Never was there ſo total a "decay of literature as at preſent;" and the divine introduces his volume of ſermons with, "Never did ſin and folly abound ſo as at pre- "ſent."

BUT though this method may be a very good one, and may have contributed greatly to the increaſe of trade, I have always conſidered it as ſomewhat bordering upon craft, and have therefore rejected it, to purſue a contrary practice. Never was mankind ſo good as at preſent, I ſay again and again: for, however unwiſe or unrighteous the people of theſe nations may have been two years ago, it is hardly to be conceived how greatly they are improved in their underſtandings, and amended in their morals by the extenſive circulation of theſe my lucubrations.

MANY

MANY perſons are of opinion (I ſuppoſe from the effects which they find to have been produced in themſelves) that every individual of my readers has been in ſome reſpect or other the better for me: but this perhaps may be carrying the matter a little too far; and indeed I have a private reaſon for thinking that there may be here and there one, who, though a conſtant reader of theſe excellent eſſays, has received no benefit from them at all. There are people in the world, who, becauſe they pride themſelves upon contradicting an eſtabliſhed opinion, have ſuggeſted in a whiſper, that this is not abſolutely and to all intents and purpoſes the very beſt paper that has hitherto been publiſhed in any age or country. And to confeſs a truth, which will, no doubt, be as ſurprizing to my readers as it was to me, I have actually received a letter, written in ſober ſadneſs, and without the leaſt intention to be witty, inſinuating that I am growing dull, and adviſing me to lay down my paper while I can do it with honour. But as I have hitherto found my wit to be inexhauſtible, and as I have now, as much as ever, the good of my country at heart, I am willing to continue theſe my labours

bours while there are the leaſt gleanings of folly remaining, and till I can have the glory of effecting a thorough reformation.

To forward this great and laudable deſign, I muſt beg of my correſpondents to be very diligent in their enquiries after what is doing in town, and that they will neglect no opportunity of tranſmitting me all the intelligence they can get. I ſhould be glad to know, among other matters of conſequence, if there is yet any ſuch thing as play going on at WHITE'S. I ſhould like alſo to hear that the propoſal for eſtabliſhing lectures in divinity and moral philoſophy next winter in the great room at St. James's coffee-houſe, has met with the approbation of the whole club. The repeated aſſurances which I am daily receiving that fornication and adultery are entirely at a ſtand in this great metropolis, are highly agreeable to me; as alſo that the great increaſe of bloom, which has of late been ſo very obſervable on the cheeks of ladies of faſhion, is wholly owing to their abhorrence of cards and late hours. I hear with great ſelf-congratulation and delight from the city, that they are hourly increaſing in frugality and induſtry, and that neither haz-

zard, nor any unlawful game at cards has been ſo much as thought of at their clubs for this twelve-month paſt. But above all, I am charmed with the accounts which I have from time to time received of the laſt general election. That inflexible abhorrence of bribery and corruption, which ſo viſibly and univerſally manifeſted itſelf among all ranks and orders of men, conſtituents as well as candidates, muſt be an inconteſtible proof of the conſummate virtue of the preſent times.

From all theſe happy conſiderations, I am perfectly of opinion with the late Mr. Whiſton, that the Millenium, or the kingdom of the juſt upon earth, is very near at hand. When that long-expected time arrives, I ſhall conſider the plan of this paper as compleat, and conclude it the Thurſday following, with a benediction to my readers.

It has been owing to this general reformation (which I flatter myſelf has been principally brought about by theſe weekly eſſays) that I have thought fit to ſuppreſs certain letters, lately come to hand, which are filled with moſt unreaſonable complaints againſt the iniquity of the times. One of theſe letters la-

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ments very emphatically the great increaſe of popery among us, and begs that I would poſtpone every amuſing ſpeculation, to attack with gravity and argument the doctrine of tranſubſtantiation. The ſame letter recommends, in a poſtſcript, ſome neceſſary alterations to be made in the book of common prayer, and deſires that my next paper may be an addreſs to the biſhops upon that occaſion. Another of theſe letters inveighs bitterly againſt the univerſality of ſkittle-grounds in the gardens of people of faſhion, and aſſures me that it is in vain to hope for a reformation, while gentlemen and ladies, nay, even the clergy themſelves, are miſpending their time in the unchriſtian-like diverſions of porters and draymen. The letter ſigned Decorus, complaining of Brunetta's nakedneſs at church, had long ago received a place in theſe papers, if I could have been convinced that it had leſs of invention in it than of reality: for I am aſſured by a particular friend, who is a conſtant frequenter of all public places, that ſince my repeated animadverſions on that ſubject, there is not a pair of naked ſhoulders to be ſeen either for love or money. He proceeds farther to aſ-

ſure me, that thoſe excellent animadverſions have given the ladies ſuch an unconquerable averſion to all kinds of nakedneſs, that a party of them, going this ſummer from Richmond to Vauxhall by water, choſe rather to ſee a handſome young fellow go to the bottom, as he was attempting to ſwim acroſs the Thames, than to take him into their boat: and when the watermen begged for God's ſake that they might ſave the young man's life, the eldeſt of the ladies proteſted with great vehemence, that ſhe had rather the whole odious ſex ſhould periſh, than have her modeſty affronted with the ſight of a naked man.

But though every reformation of this kind is a ſenſible pleaſure to me, I am very far from attributing the whole merit of it to myſelf: on the contrary, it is with the utmoſt pride and ſatisfaction that I acknowledge the many and great helps which I have received from correſpondents, whoſe names, whenever they come to be mentioned in this undertaking, will reflect an honour upon my own. It is to theſe gentlemen, more than to myſelf, that I am to aſcribe the reformation above-mentioned: and becauſe, as I ſaid before, in ſpite of our endea-

vours to make mankind perfect, there is ſtill perhaps a little ſprinkling of folly remaining amongſt us; and as the Millenium may poſſibly be at a much greater diſtance than Mr. Whiſton and I have ſo ſanguinely imagined it to be; and moreover, conſidering the comparative weakneſs of my own abilities; I hereby requeſt and entreat of my correſpondents, that they will continue to favour me with their aſſiſtance in this work, which will moſt certainly be brought to a concluſion on the very firſt Thurſday after the ſaid Millenium ſhall commence.

I CANNOT ſhew myſelf more in earneſt upon this occaſion, than by cloſing my paper with the following humble addreſs to one of its ableſt ſupporters.

ADAM FITZ-ADAM to the * of ***.

With grateful heart FITZ-ADAM *greets ye,*
And in theſe rhymes, my LORD, *intreats ye,*
That you once more the WORLD *would prop,*
Which, but for ſtrength like yours, muſt drop,
For I, grown weak, and ſomewhat older,
Feel it too heavy on my ſhoulder:

And well I may; for bards have ſung,
That giant ATLAS, *huge and ſtrong,*
Oft found His WORLD *too great a load,*
And aſk'd aſſiſtance of a GOD,
Who eas'd his back with little pain,
And ſet the WORLD *to rights again.*
So I from You, my great ALCIDES,
(Whoſe aid my glory and my pride is)
Requeſt, my LORD — *You know my driſt* —
That you would lend me t'other lift:
Your ſmalleſt effort is enough,
The ſame you uſe in taking ſnuff:
You ſmile, my LORD —— *indeed 'tis true,*
A FINGER *and your* THUMB *will do.*

NUMB. 90. THURSDAY, *September* 19, 1754.

AN old friend and fellow-ſtudent of mine at the univerſity called upon me the other morning, and found me reading Plato's Sympoſion. I laid down my book to receive him, which, after the firſt uſual compliments, he took up, ſaying, "You will give me leave "to ſee what was the object of your ſtudies."

"No-

"Nothing leſs than the divine Plato, ſaid I, "that amiable philoſopher—" "With whom "(interrupted my friend) Cicero declares that "he would rather be in the wrong, than in "the right with any other." "I cannot, re-"plied I, carry my veneration for him to that "degree of enthuſiaſm; but yet, wherever I "underſtand him (for I confeſs I do not eve-"ry where) I prefer him to all the ancient "philoſophers. His Sympoſion more parti-"cularly engages and entertains me, as I ſee "there the manners and characters of the moſt "eminent men, of the politeſt time, of the po-"liteſt city of Greece. And, with all due "reſpect to the moderns, I much queſtion "whether an account of a modern Sympoſion, "though written by the ableſt hand, could be "read with ſo much pleaſure and improve-"ment." "I do not know that (replied my "friend) for though I revere the ancients as "much as you poſſibly can, and look upon "the moderns as pigmies, when compared to "thoſe giants, yet if we come up to, or near "them in any thing, it is in the elegancy and "delicacy of our convivial intercourſe."

I WAS the more ſurprized at this doubt of my friend's, becauſe I knew that he implicitly ſubſcribed to, and ſuperſtitiouſly maintained, all the articles of the claſſical faith. I therefore aſked him, whether he was ſerious? He anſwered me that he was: that in his mind, Plato ſpun out that ſilly affair of love too fine and too long; and that if I would but let him introduce me to the club, of which he was an unworthy member, he believed I ſhould at leaſt entertain the ſame doubt, or perhaps even decide in favour of the moderns. I thanked my friend for his kind offer, but added that in whatever ſociety he was an unworthy member, I ſhould be ſtill a more unworthy gueſt. That moreover my retired and domeſtic turn of life was as inconſiſtent with the engagements of a club, as my natural taciturnity among ſtrangers would be miſplaced in the midſt of all that feſtal mirth and gaiety. "You miſtake me (anſwered my "friend) every member of our club has the "privilege of bringing one friend along with "him, who is by no means thereby engaged "to become a member of it: and as for your "taciturnity, we have ſome ſilent members "who, by the way, are none of our worſt.

"Silent

"Silent people never ſpoil company, but on "the contrary, by being good hearers, encou- "rage good ſpeakers." "But I have another "difficulty (anſwered I) and That I doubt a "very ſolid one, which is, that I drink no- "thing but water." "So much the worſe "for You (replied my friend, who, by the by, "loves his bottle moſt academically) you will "pay for the claret you do not drink. We "uſe no compulſion; every one drinks as little "as he pleaſes—" "Which I preſume (inter- "rupted I) is as much as he can." "That "is, juſt as it happens, ſaid he; ſometimes, it "is true, we make pretty good ſittings; but "for my own part, I chuſe to go home al- "ways before eleven: for take my word for "it, it is the ſitting up late, and not the drink, "that deſtroys the conſtitution." As I found that my friend would have taken a refuſal ill, I told him that for this once I would certainly attend him to the club, but deſired him to give me previouſly the outlines of the characters of the ſitting members, that I might know how to behave myſelf properly. "Your precau- "tion (ſaid he) is a prudent one, and I will "make you ſo well acquainted with them be-

" forehand, that you ſhall not ſeem a ſtranger
" when among them. You muſt know then,
" that our club conſiſts of at leaſt forty mem-
" bers, when complete. Of theſe many are
" now in the country; and beſides, we have
" ſome vacancies which cannot be filled up
" till next winter. Palſies and apoplexies
" have of late, I don't know why, been pretty
" rife among us, and carried off a good ma-
" ny. It is not above a week ago, that poor
" Tom Toaſtwell fell on a ſudden under the
" table, as we thought only a little in drink, but
" he was carried home, and never ſpoke more.
" Thoſe whom you will probably meet with
" to-day are, firſt of all, lord Feeble, a noble-
" man of admirable ſenſe, a true fine gentle-
" man, and, for a man of quality, a pretty
" claſſic. He has lived rather faſt formerly,
" and impaired his conſtitution by ſitting up
" late, and drinking your thin ſharp wines.
" He is ſtill what you call nervous, which
" makes him a little low-ſpirited and reſerved
" at firſt; but he grows very affable and chear-
" ful as ſoon as he has warmed his ſtomach
" with about a bottle of good claret.

SIR

"SIR Tunbelly Guzzle is a very worthy "north-country baronet of a good eſtate, and "one who was before-hand in the world, till "being twice choſen knight of the ſhire, and "having in conſequence got a pretty employ-"ment at court, he run out conſiderably. He "has left off houſe-keeping, and is now upon a "retrieving ſcheme. He is the heartieſt, honeſt-"eſt fellow living; and though he is a man of "very few words, I can aſſure you he does not "want ſenſe. He had an univerſity education, "and has a good notion of the claſſics. The "poor man is confined half the year at leaſt "with the gout, and has beſides an inveterate "ſcurvy, which I cannot account for: no man "can live more regularly; he eats nothing "but plain meat, and very little of that: he "drinks no thin wines, and never ſits up late; "for he has his full doſe by eleven.

"COLONEL Culverin is a brave old experi-"enced officer, though but a lieutenant colonel "of foot. Between you and me, he has had "great injuſtice done him, and is now com-"manded by many who were not born when "he came firſt into the army. He has ſerved "in Ireland, Minorca and Gibralter; and

" would have been in all the late battles in " Flanders, had the regiment been ordered " there. It is a pleaſure to hear him talk of " war. He is the beſt-natured man alive, but " a little too jealous of his honour, and too apt " to be in a paſſion; but that is ſoon over, and " then he is ſorry for it. I fear he is dropſical, " which I impute to his drinking your cham- " paigns and burgundies. He got that ill habit " abroad.

" Sir George Plyant is well born, has a " genteel fortune, keeps the very beſt company, " and is to be ſure one of the beſt-bred men " alive: he is ſo good natured, that he ſeems " to have no will of his own. He will drink " as little or as much as you pleaſe, and no " matter of what. He has been a mighty man " with the ladies formerly, and loves the crack " of the whip ſtill. He is our news-monger; " for being a gentleman of the privy-chamber, " he goes to court every day, and conſequent- " ly knows pretty well what's going forward " there. Poor gentleman! I fear we ſhall " not keep him long; for he ſeems far gone in " a conſumption, though the doctors ſay it is " only a nervous atrophy.

"WILL Sitfaſt is the beſt natured fellow "living, and an excellent companion, though "he ſeldom ſpeaks; but he is no flincher, and "fits every man's hand out at the club. He "is a very good ſcholar, and can write very "pretty Latin verſes. I doubt he is in a de-"clining way; for a paralitical ſtroke has "lately twitched up one ſide of his mouth ſo, "that he is now obliged to take his wine dia-"gonally. However he keeps up his ſpirits "bravely, and never ſhams his glaſs.

"DOCTOR Carbuncle is an honeſt, jolly, "merry parſon, well affected to the govern-"ment, and much of a gentleman. He is the "life of our club, inſtead of being the leaſt "reſtraint upon it. He is an admirable ſcho-"lar, and I really believe has all Horace by "heart; I know he has him always in his "pocket. His red face, inflamed noſe, and "ſwelled legs, make him generally thought a "hard drinker by thoſe who do not know "him; but I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, "that I never ſaw him diſguiſed with liquor in "my life. It is true, he is a very large man, "and can hold a great deal, which makes the "colonel call him pleaſantly enough, a veſſel "of election.

"THE

"THE laſt and leaſt (concluded my friend) "is your humble ſervant, ſuch as I am; and "if you pleaſe we will go and walk in the "park till dinner time." I agreed, and we ſet out together. But here the reader will perhaps expect that I ſhould let him walk on a little, while I give his character. We were of the ſame year of St. John's college in Cambridge: he was a younger brother of a good family, was bred to the church, and had juſt got a fellowſhip in the college, when his elder brother dying, he ſucceeded to an eaſy fortune, and reſolved to make himſelf eaſy with it, that is to do nothing. As he had reſided long in college, he had contracted all the habits and prejudices, the lazineſs, the ſoaking, the pride and the pedantry of the cloyſter, which after a certain time are never to be rubbed off. He conſidered the critical knowledge of the Greek and Latin words, as the utmoſt effort of the human underſtanding, and a glaſs of good wine in good company, as the higheſt pitch of human felicity. Accordingly he paſſes his mornings in reading the claſſics, moſt of which he has long had by heart, and his evenings in drinking his glaſs of good wine, which,

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by frequent filling, amounts at leaſt to two, and often to three bottles a day. I muſt not omit mentioning that my friend is tormented with the ſtone, which misfortune he imputes to his having once drank water for a month, by the preſcription of the late doctor Cheyne, and by no means to at leaſt two quarts of claret a day, for theſe laſt thirty years. To return to my friend, "I am very much miſtaken (ſaid he, "as we were walking in the park) if you do "not thank me for procuring this day's enter-"tainment: for a ſet of worthier gentlemen "to be ſure never lived." "I make no doubt "of it, ſaid I, and am therefore the more con-"cerned when I reflect that this club of wor-"thy gentlemen might, by your own account, "be not improperly called an hoſpital of in-"curables, as there is not one among them "who does not labour under ſome chronical "and mortal diſtemper." "I ſee what you "would be at (anſwered my friend) you would "inſinuate that it is all owing to wine: but "let me aſſure you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, *that "wine, eſpecially claret, if neat and good, can "hurt no man.*" I did not reply to this apho-riſm of my friend's, which I knew would draw

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on too long a diſcuſſion, eſpecially as we were juſt going into the club room, where I took it for granted that it was one of the great conſtitutional principles. The account of this modern Sympoſion ſhall be the ſubject of my next paper.

NUMB. 91. THURSDAY, *Sept.* 26, 1754.

MY friend preſented me to the company, in what he thought the moſt obliging manner; but which, I confeſs, put me a little out of countenance. "Give me leave, gentle-"men (ſaid he) to preſent to you my old "friend Mr. Fitz-Adam, the ingenious author "of the WORLD." The word author inſtantly excited the attention of the whole company, and drew all their eyes upon me: for people who are not apt to write themſelves, have a ſtrange curioſity to ſee a LIVE AUTHOR. The gentlemen received me in common, with thoſe geſtures that intimate welcome; and I on my part reſpectfully muttered ſome of thoſe nothings, which ſtand inſtead of the ſome-

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thing one ſhould ſay, and perhaps do full as well.

The weather being hot, the gentlemen were refreſhing themſelves before dinner, with what they called a cool tankard; in which they ſucceſſively drank to Me. When it came to my turn, I thought I could not decently decline drinking the gentlemen's healths, which I did aggregately: but how was I ſurprized, when upon the firſt taſte I diſcovered that this cooling and refreſhing draught was compoſed of the ſtrongeſt mountain wine, lowered indeed with a very little lemon and water, but then heightened again, by a quantity of thoſe comfortable aromatics, nutmeg and ginger! Dinner, which had been called for more than once with ſome impatience, was at laſt brought up, upon the colonel's threatening perdition to the maſter and all the waiters of the houſe, if it was delayed two minutes longer. We ſat down without ceremony, and we were no ſooner ſat down, than everybody (except myſelf) drank everybody's health, which made a tumultuous kind of noiſe. I obſerved with ſurprize, that the common quantity of wine was put into glaſſes of an immenſe ſize and weight;

weight; but my ſurprize ceaſed when I ſaw the tremulous hands that took them, and for which I ſuppoſed they were intended as ballaſt. But even this precaution did not protect the noſe of doctor Carbuncle from a ſevere ſhock, in his attempt to hit his mouth. The colonel, who obſerved this accident, cried out pleaſantly, "Why, doctor, I find you are but a "bad engineer. While you aim at your "mouth you will never hit it, take my word "for it. A floating battery, to hit the mark, "muſt be pointed ſomething above, or below "it. If you would hit your mouth, direct your "four-pounder at your forehead, or your chin." The doctor good-humouredly thanked the colonel for the hint, and promiſed him to communicate it to his friends at Oxford, where, he owned, that he had ſeen many a good glaſs of port ſpilt for want of it. Sir Tunbelly almoſt ſmiled, ſir George laughed, and the whole company, ſome how or other, applauded this elegant piece of raillery. But alas, things ſoon took a leſs pleaſant turn; for an enormous buttock of boiled ſalt beef, which had ſucceeded the ſoupe, proved not to be ſufficiently corned for ſir Tunbelly, who had be-

ſpoke it; and at the ſame time lord Feeble took a diſlike to the claret, which he affirmed not to be the ſame which they had drank the day before; it had no *ſilkyneſs*, *went rough off the tongue*, and his lordſhip ſhrewdly ſuſpected that it was mixed up with *Benecarlo*, *or ſome of thoſe black wines*. This was a common cauſe, and excited univerſal attention. The whole company taſted it ſeriouſly, and every one found a different fault with it. The maſter of the houſe was immediately ſent for up, examined, and treated as a criminal. Sir Tunbelly reproached him with the freſhneſs of the beef, while at the ſame time all the others fell upon him for the badneſs of his wine, telling him that it was not fit uſage for ſuch good cuſtomers as they were, and in fine, threatening him with a migration of the club to ſome other houſe. The criminal laid the blame of the beef's not being corned enough upon his cook, whom he promiſed to turn away; and atteſted heaven and earth that the wine was the very ſame which they had all approved of the day before; and as he had a ſoul to be ſaved, was true Chateau Margoux. "Chateau devil (ſaid the colonel with

"warmth)

" warmth) it is your d—d rough *Chaos* wine."
Will Sitfaſt, who thought himſelf obliged to articulate upon this great occaſion, ſaid, he was not ſure it was a mixed wine, but that indeed it drank *down*. " If that is all (interrupted the doctor) let us e'en drink it *up* then. " Or, if that won't do, ſince we cannot have " the true *Falernum*, let us take up for once " with the *vile Sabinum*. What ſay you, " gentlemen, to good honeſt port? which I " am convinced is a much wholeſomer ſtomach wine?" My friend, who in his heart loves port better than any other wine in the world, willingly ſeconded the doctor's motion, and ſpoke very favourably of your *Portingal* wines in general, if neat. Upon this ſome was immediately brought up, which I obſerved my friend and the doctor ſtuck to the whole evening. I could not help aſking the doctor if he really prefered port to lighter wines? To which he anſwered, " You know, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that uſe is ſecond nature; and port is in a manner mother's milk to me; for it is what " my ALMA MATER ſuckles all her numerous " progeny with." I ſilently aſſented to the doctor's account, which I was convinced was a true

a true one, and then attended to the judicious animadverſions of the other gentlemen upon the claret, which were ſtill continued, though at the ſame time they continued to drink it. I hinted my ſurprize at this to ſir Tunbelly, who gravely anſwered me, and in a moving way, *Why, what can we do?* "Not drink it "(replied I) ſince it is not good." "But "what will you have us do? and how ſhall "we paſs the evening? (rejoined the baronet) "One cannot go home at five o'clock." "That depends a great deal upon uſe, ſaid I." "It may be ſo, to a certain degree (ſaid the "doctor) But give me leave to aſk you, Mr. "Fitz-Adam, you, who drink nothing but "water, and live much at home, how do "keep up your ſpirits?" "Why, doctor, ſaid "I, as I never lowered my ſpirits by ſtrong "liquor, I do not want it to raiſe them." Here we were interrupted by the colonel's raiſing his voice and his indignation againſt the burgundy and champaign, ſwearing that the former was ropy, and the latter upon the fret, and not without ſome ſuſpicion of cyder and ſugar-candy; notwithſtanding which, he drank in a bumper of it, confuſion to the

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town of Briſtol and the bottle act. It was a ſhame, he ſaid, that gentlemen could have no good burgundies and champaigns, for the ſake of ſome increaſe of the revenue, the manufacture of glaſs bottles, and ſuch ſort of ſtuff. Sir George confirmed the ſame, adding that it was *ſcandalous*; and the whole company agreed, that the new parliament would certainly repeal ſo abſurd an act the very firſt ſeſſion; but if they did not, they hoped they would receive inſtructions to that purpoſe from their conſtituents. "To be ſure, ſaid the colonel. "What a d——d rout they made about the "repeal of the jew-bill, for which nobody "cared one farthing! But by the way (con-"tinued he) I think every body has done "eating, and therefore had not we better "have the dinner taken away, and the wine "ſet upon the table?" To this the company gave an unanimous ay. While this was doing, I aſked my friend, with ſeeming ſeriouſneſs, whether no part of the dinner was to be ſerved up again, when the wine ſhould be ſet upon the table? He ſeemed ſurprized at my queſtion, and asked me if I was hungry? To which I anſwered no; but asked him in my

turn

turn if he was dry? To which he alſo anſwered no. "Then pray, replied I, why not as "well eat without being hungry, as drink "without being dry?" My friend was ſo ſtunned with this, that he attempted no reply, but ſtared at me with as much aſtoniſhment, as he would have done at my great anceſtor Adam in his primitive ſtate of nature.

THE cloth was now taken away, and the bottles, glaſſes and diſh-clouts put upon the table; when Will Sitfaſt, who I found was perpetual toaſt-maſter, took the chair, of courſe, as the man of application to buſineſs. He began the King's health in a bumper, which circulated in the ſame manner, not without ſome nice examinations of the chairman as to *day-light*. The bottle ſtanding by me, I was called upon by the chairman, who added, that though a water drinker, he hoped I would not refuſe that health in wine. I begged to be excuſed, and told him that I never drank his Majeſty's health at all, though no one of his ſubjects wiſhed it more heartily than I did. That hitherto it had not appeared to me, that there could be the leaſt relation between the wine I drank, and the King's ſtate of health;

and

and that till I was convinced that impairing my own health would improve his Majeſty's, I was reſolved to preſerve the uſe of my faculties and my limbs, to employ both in his ſervice, if he could ever have occaſion for them. I had foreſeen the conſequences of this refuſal; and though my friend had anſwered for my principles, I eaſily diſcovered an air of ſuſpicion in the countenances of the company; and I overheard the colonel whiſper to lord Feeble, *This Author is a very odd dog.*

My friend was aſhamed of me; but however, to help me off as well as he could, he ſaid to me aloud, "Mr. Fitz-Adam, this is "one of thoſe ſingularities which you have "contracted by living ſo much alone." From this moment the company gave me up to my oddneſſes, and took no farther notice of me. I leaned ſilently upon the table, waiting for (though, to ſay the truth, without expecting) ſome of that feſtal gaiety, that urbanity, and that elegant mirth, of which my friend had promiſed me ſo large a ſhare. Inſtead of all which, the converſation ran chiefly into narrative, and grew duller and duller with every

bottle.

bottle. Lord Feeble recounted his former atchievements in love and wine; the colonel complained, though with dignity, of hardſhips and injuſtice; ſir George hinted at ſome important diſcoveries which he had made that day at court, but cautiouſly avoided naming names; ſir Tunbelly ſlept between glaſs and glaſs; the doctor and my friend talked over college matters, and quoted Latin; and our worthy preſident applied himſelf wholly to buſineſs, never ſpeaking but to order; as, "ſir, "the bottle ſtands with you; ſir, you are to "name a toaſt; "That has been drank al- "ready; here, more claret! &c." In the heighth of all this convivial pleaſantry, which I plainly found was come to its zenith, I ſtole away at about nine o'clock, and went home; where reflections upon the entertainment of the day crowded into my mind, and may perhaps be the ſubject of ſome future paper.

NUMB.

NUMB. 92. THURDAY, *Oct.* 3, 1754.

THE entertainment (I do not ſay the diverſion) which I mentioned in my laſt paper, tumbled my imagination to ſuch a degree, and ſuggeſted ſuch a variety of indiſtinct ideas to my mind, that notwithſtanding all the pains I took to ſort and digeſt, I could not reduce them to method: I ſhall therefore throw them out in this paper without order, and juſt as they occurred to me.

WHEN I conſidered that, perhaps, two millions of my fellow ſubjects paſſed two parts in three of their lives in the very ſame manner in which the worthy members of my friend's club paſſed theirs, I was at a loſs to diſcover that attractive, irreſiſtible and inviſible charm (for I confeſs I ſaw none) to which they ſo deliberately and aſſiduouſly ſacrificed their time, their health and their reaſon; till dipping accidentally into monſieur Paſchal, I read upon the ſubject of hunting the following paſſage. *What, unleſs to drown thought* (ſays that excellent writer)

ter) *can make men throw away ſo much time upon a ſilly animal, which they might buy much cheaper in the market? It hinders us from looking into ourſelves, which is a view we cannot bear.* That this is often one motive, and ſometimes the only one of hunting, I can eaſily believe. But then it muſt be allowed too, that if the jolly ſportſman, who thus vigorouſly runs away from himſelf, does not break his neck in his flight, he improves his health, at leaſt, by his exerciſe. But what other motive can poſſibly be aſſigned for the SOAKER's daily and ſeriouſly ſwallowing his own deſtruction, except that of *drowning thought, and hindering him from looking into himſelf, which is a view he cannot bear?*

UNHAPPY the man who cannot willingly and frequently converſe with himſelf; but miſerable in the higheſt degree is the man who dares not. In one of theſe two predicaments muſt that man be, who ſoaks and ſleeps away his whole life. Either tired of himſelf for want of any reflections at all, or dreading himſelf for fear of the moſt tormenting ones, he flies for refuge from his folly or his guilt, to

the company of his fellow-ſufferers, and to the intoxication of ſtrong liquors.

ARCHBISHOP Tillotſon aſſerts, and very truly, that no man can plead in defence of ſwearing, that he was born of a ſwearing conſtitution. I believe the ſame thing may with equal truth be affirmed of drinking. No man is born a drinker. Drinking is an acquired, not a natural vice. The child, when firſt he taſtes ſtrong liquors, rejects them with evident ſigns of diſguſt; but is inſenſibly brought firſt to bear, and then perhaps to like them, by the folly of his parents, who promiſe them as an encouragement, and give them as a reward.

WHEN the coroner's inqueſt examines the body of one of thoſe unhappy wretches who drown themſelves in a pond or a river, with commonly a proviſion of lead in their pockets to make the work the ſurer, the verdict is either *felo de ſe*, or lunatic. Is it then the water, or the ſuddenneſs of the plunge, that conſtitutes either the madneſs or the guilt of the act? Is there any difference between a water and a wine ſuicide? If there be, it is evidently in favour of the former, which is never ſo deliberate and premeditated as the latter,

latter. The SOAKER jogs on with a gentler pace indeed, but to as ſure and certain deſtruction; and as a proof of his intentions, would, I believe, upon examination, be generally found to have a good deal of lead about him too. He cannot alledge in his defence, that he has not warning, ſince he daily ſees in the chronical diſtempers of all his fellow SOAKERS, the fatal effects of that ſlow poiſon which he ſo greedily guzzles: for I defy all the HONEST GENTLEMEN, that is, all the hard drinkers in England (a numerous body I doubt) to produce me one ſingle inſtance of a SOAKER, whoſe health and faculties are not viſibly impaired by drinking. Some indeed, born much ſtronger than others, hold it out longer, and are abſurdly quoted as living proofs even of the ſalutary effects of drinking: but though they have not yet any of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characteriſtics of their profeſſion about them, though they have not yet loſt one half of themſelves by a Hemiplegia, nor the uſe of all their limbs by the gout; though they they are but moderately mangy, and though the impending dropſy may not yet appear; I will venture to affirm that the health they boaſt

of is at beſt but an aukward ſtate between ſickneſs and health: if they are not actually ſick, they are not actively well; and you will always find ſome complaint or other, inadvertently drop from the triumphant SOAKER, within half an hour after he has aſſured you that he is neither *ſick nor ſorry*. My wife, who is a little ſuperſtitious, and perhaps too apt to point out, and interpret judgments (otherwiſe an excellent woman) firmly believes, that the dropſy, of which moſt SOAKERS finally die, is a manifeſt, and juſt judgment upon them; the wine they ſo much loved being turned into water, and themſelves drowned at laſt, in the element they ſo much abhorred.

A RATIONAL and ſober man, invited by the wit and gaiety of good company, and hurried away by an uncommon flow of ſpirits, may happen to drink too much, and perhaps accidentally to get drunk; but then theſe ſallies will be ſhort, and not frequent. Whereas the SOAKER is an utter ſtranger to wit and mirth, and no friend to either. His buſineſs is ſerious, and he applies himſelf ſeriouſly to it; he ſteadily purſues the numming, ſtupifying,

ſtupifying, and petrifying, not the animating and exhilerating qualities of the wine. Gallons of the Nepenthe would be loſt upon him. The more he drinks the duller he grows; his politics become more obſcure, and his narratives more tedious and leſs intelligible; till at laſt *maudlin*, he employs what little articulation he has left, in relating his doleful tale to an inſenſible audience. I fear my countrymen have been too long noted for this manner of drinking, ſince a very old and eminent French hiſtorian, ſpeaking of the Engliſh who were then in poſſeſſion of Aquitain, the promiſed land of claret, ſays, *Ils ſe ſaoulerent grandement, et ſe divertirent moult triſtement a la mode de leur païs.*

A VERY ſkilful ſurgeon of my acquaintance aſſured me, that having opened the body of a SOAKER, who died of an apoplexy, he had found all the finer tubes and veſſels plugged up with the tartar of the wine he had ſwallowed, ſo as to render the circulation of the blood abſolutely impoſſible, and the folds of the ſtomach ſo ſtiffened with it, that it could not perform its functions. He compared the

body of the deceaſed to a ſiphon ſo choaked up with the tartar and dregs of the wine that had run through it, as to be impervious. I adopted this image, which ſeemed to me a juſt one; and I ſhall for the future typify the SOAKER by the ſiphon, ſuction being equally the only buſineſs of both.

AN object, viewed at once, and in its full extent, will ſometimes ſtrike the mind, when the ſeveral parts and gradations of it, ſeparately ſeen, would be but little attended to. I ſhall therefore here preſent the ſociety of SIPHONS with a calculation, of which they cannot diſpute the truth, and will not, I believe, deny the moderation; and yet perhaps they will be ſurprized when they ſee the groſs ſums of the wine they ſuck, of the money they pay for it, and of the time they loſe in the courſe of ſeven years only.

I RECKON that I put a ſtaunch SIPHON very low, when I put him only at two bottles a day, one day with another. This in ſeven years amounts to four thouſand four hundred and ten bottles, which make twenty hogſheads, and ſeventy bottles.

SUPPOSING

SUPPOSING this quantity to coſt only four ſhillings a bottle, which I take to be the loweſt price of claret, the ſum amounts to eight hundred and eighty two pounds.

ALLOWING every SIPHON but ſix hours a day to ſuck his two bottles in, which is a ſhort allowance, that time amounts to ſix hundred and thirty eight days, eighteen hours; one full quarter of his life, for the abovementioned ſeven years. Can any rational being coolly conſider theſe three groſs ſums, of wine, and conſequently diſtempers ſwallowed, of money laviſhed, and time loſt, without ſhame, regret, and a reſolution of reformation?

I AM well aware that the numerous ſociety of SIPHONS will ſay, like ſir Tunbelly, what would this fellow have us do? To which I am at no loſs for an anſwer. Do any thing elſe. Preſerve and improve that reaſon which was given you to be your guide through this world, and to a better. Attend to and diſcharge your religious, your moral, and your ſocial duties. Theſe are occupations worthy of a rational being; they will agreeably and uſefully employ your time, and will baniſh

from your breaſts that tireſome liſtleſſneſs, or thoſe tormenting thoughts, from which you endeavour, though in vain, to fly. Is your retroſpect uncomfortable? Exert yourſelves in time to make your proſpect better; and let the former ſerve as a back-ground to the latter. Cultivate and improve your minds with reading according to your ſeveral educations and capacities. There are ſeveral uſeful books ſuited to them all. True religion and virtue give a chearful and happy turn to the mind, admit of all true pleaſures, and even procure the trueſt.

CANTABRIGIUS drinks nothing but water, and rides more miles in a year than the keeneſt ſportſman, and with almoſt equal velocity. The former keeps his head clear, the latter his body in health. It is not from himſelf that he runs, but to his acquaintance, a ſynonimous term for his friends. Internally ſafe, he ſeeks no ſanctuary from himſelf, no intoxication for his mind. His penetration makes him diſcover and divert himſelf with the follies of mankind, which his wit enables him to expoſe with the trueſt ridi-

cule,

cule, though always without perſonal offence. Chearful abroad, becauſe happy at home, and thus happy, becauſe virtuous.

*** *I am obliged to many correſpondents for letters, which, though hitherto unnoticed, will be publiſhed with all convenient ſpeed.*

NUMB. 93. THURSDAY, *Oct.* 10, 1754.

IT is a very true, though a very trite principle, "that the point of perfection is at a "middle diſtance between the two extremes:" and whoever is the leaſt converſant with the world, will have frequent opportunities of convincing himſelf of its importance, whether he applies it to the morals, manners, or other objects of human action.

I SHALL make it the ſubject of this day's paper to particularize the danger of paſſing too precipitately from one extreme to the other, in an inſtance which I conceive to be of very material conſequence to the entertainment, inſtruction and virtue of mankind.

THE diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the laſt age was PEDANTRY. Every man appeared ſo ſenſibly convinced of the dignity and uſefulneſs of his own profeſſion, that he conſidered it as the only one meriting the attention of reaſonable creatures, and, wherever he was admitted, introduced it as ſuch, without the leaſt regard to times, perſons, or places. It was impoſſible to ſit half an hour with the man of learning, without diſcovering his contempt for every kind of diſcourſe that was not tinctured, like his own, with the ſentiments and language of Ariſtotle or Plato. Divines were apt but too often to perplex the heads of young ladies at tea-tables with ſchool diſtinctions, and the depths of metaphyſics; and ſuch jargon terms as capias's, certiorari's and premunire facias's, were more frequently the expreſſions of lawyers in the ſame company, than love and adoration, the natural language of the place. A military man no ſooner entered a room, than you aſſociated the diſcharge of artillery with his appearance. The authority of his voice ſilenced every milder ſubject of converſation, and the battles of Blenheim and Ramillies, ſo fatal to the enemy, were fought

over

over again in very turbulent deſcription, to the no ſmall terror of his peaceable countrymen.

THE wits of thoſe times very finely raillied this foible: and it has indeed ſuffered ſuch diſcouragement in our days, that an abſurdity, the very reverſe, though leſs to be juſtified, has ſucceeded in its place: I mean, a vicious affectation, in the preſent age, of avoiding that PEDANTRY which ſo diſtinguiſhed the preceding one.

THIS affectation has been purſued to ſuch lengths, that a perſon is eſteemed very deficient in good-breeding, who ventures to explain himſelf on any ſubject, however naturally it may ariſe in company, which genius, education and his particular profeſſion have qualified him to ſupport. As a man of the world, he will divert the diſcourſe to any other ſubject, which, being entirely unacquainted with, he is ſecure of treating in a manner altogether removed from PEDANTRY. It is principally from this cauſe, that converſation, which formerly was the means of communicating knowledge with the freedom and delicacy peculiar to it, and which rendered the groves of Academus, the porches of Lycæum,

and

and the walks of Tuſculum famous to poſterity, is degenerating into a uſeleſs and inſipid intercourſe; while the moſt trifling amuſements, that relieve us from the anxiety of it, receive all our encouragement.

It is indeed no wonder that clubs and other ancient meetings for ſociety are growing out of faſhion, when punctilio not only obliges you to be ſilent on thoſe topics, which you are inclined, from your knowledge of them, to enter upon with freedom; but ſubjects you to the mortification of hearing them diſcuſſed by perſons who never talked or thought of them till the preſent moment. The ſituation of the ſpeaker too, in ſuch aſſemblies, can be no very deſirable one, while he is voluntarily impoſing the neceſſity on himſelf of attempting a ſubject, when unprovided with materials for it.

This cuſtom is in no ſort confined to mixed companies, where poſſibly ſome faint excuſes might be offered for it; but operates equally where men of the ſame profeſſion are collected, who, to avoid ſeeming Pedants in the eyes of each other, prefer obſcenity, impertinence, or abſurdity, to a converſation calculated

calculated to reflect mutual light on thoſe ſtudies, which, either in ſpeculation or practice, are the employment of their lives.

A VERY underſtanding friend of mine, who, till within this month, has not viſited London for five and twenty years, was lamenting to me ſeriouſly the viſible declenſion of knowledge in this kingdom, and ſeemed apprehenſive that a country ſo diſtinguiſhed for many ages, was relapſing again into its ancient barbarity. I was ſomewhat ſurprized at the peculiarity of his ſentiments, but did not remain long unacquainted with the cauſe of them. It ſeems my friend had ſpent the greateſt part of that week in very different ſets of company. He had dined in the beginning of it at a viſitation, where the Britiſh herring fiſhery, and ſome propoſals reſpecting the public debt had very warmly intereſted the upper part of the table. He was the leſs in humour to reliſh this diſpute, as he had been kept up till three that very morning, in the neighbourhood of the exchange, as moderator in a controverſy on fore-knowledge and free-will. The next day, in Lincoln's Inn hall, he was not a little perplexed with the variety of opinions on the circulation

culation of the blood, the production of chyle, and the powers of digeſtion. It was his fortune afterwards to be preſent at Batſon's coffee-houſe, when the diſpoſition of the German army at the battle of Crotſka, and the laſt ſiege of Coni were ſeverely arraigned; and to liſten at the Tilt-yard to many objections againſt a decree in chancery, and to a diſcourſe employed to aſcertain the provinces of reaſon, law and equity. His greateſt mortification was in an admittance that morning to a junto of ſtateſmen near Whitehall, from whom nothing tranſpired, after two hours attention to them, except ſome injudicious, though modeſt conjectures, on the future ſport of Newmarket races.

It was eaſy for me, after this explanation, to account for the indifferent opinion my friend had conceived of the divinity, law and phyſic; the politics, military knowledge and trade of the preſent times: and yet, from my acquaintance with the characters he had ſeen, I may venture to aſſert, what in another age might have the appearance of a paradox, that he had been converſing with the moſt eminent divines, lawyers and phyſicians; with the

ableſt

ableſt ſtateſmen, ſkilfulleſt commanders and moſt intelligent traders of any age or country.

THIS humour, it is to be feared, will by degrees infect the pen as well as the tongue; and that we ſhall have apothecaries advertiſing comments on Machiavel's art of war, and ſerjeants at law taking in ſubſcriptions for ſyſtems of chymeſtry, and diſſertations on midwifery. Every man's experience will probably inform him that it has already extended itſelf to epiſtolary writing. I have a late diſagreeable inſtance of it in my own family: it is in a young gentleman, who left England with the higheſt reputation, about a twelve-month ſince, to make what is called the tour of Europe. He parted from me with a promiſe of writing from Rome, where he propoſed to continue ſome time, after viſiting France, and the principal cities of Italy. As I had formed very agreeable expectations from this correſpondence, I muſt confeſs my diſappointment when his letter arrived. He never mentioned France, but to condemn the poſt-horſes; nor took notice of any circumſtance in his paſſage over the Alps, except the loſs of his hat and perriwig.

One

One would have concluded him a cheeſe-monger from his deſcription of Parma. His obſervations on Florence were confined ſolely to its wines: and though he was profoundly ſilent on the conſtitution of Lucca, he talked very particularly of the olives it produced. He had occaſionally interſperſed ſome anecdotes of himſelf: as that he had drank a little too freely at Genoa with lord A. That he had broke the weſt window of the great church at Milan in a frolic with ſir Thomas B. That he had been plundered of his gold watch and ſnuff-box by a courtezan of Venice; and that he had attempted, in revenge, to ſink a gondola belonging to the Doge. Theſe ſingular contents really gave me pain, as I had a ſincere affection for my couſin and his family; and I began to moralize on the vanity and miſapplication of travelling into foreign countries. A packet of letters, which reached me ſoon after, from other coreſpondents at that time in Italy, threw me into new perplexities: for they all concurred in repreſenting my relation as doing honour to his country by his genius and learning: They ſpoke of him as diſtinguiſhed for his knowledge of the religion, government and

antiquities of the ſtates he had viſited; and deſcribed him as little leſs remarkable for his chaſtity, ſobriety and gentleneſs of manners. A diſagreement ſo viſible between the letter from himſelf, and thoſe which ſucceeded it, was at firſt indeed not eaſily reconciled. Being ſatisfied, however, that my intelligence from the latter might be relied on as certain, I at length made a diſcovery, that my couſin had departed from his veracity on this occaſion; and that he had aſſumed a character compounded of folly, ignorance and debauchery, to which he had no pretenſions; preferring it to that of a gentleman, a ſcholar and a man of virtue, which really belonged to him, from a ſtudious affectation of appearing to his friend in any other light, than the unfaſhionable one of a PEDANT.

*** *In anſwer to Hillaria and her couſin, I am ſorry to ſay that it is not my good fortune to be the gentleman who has attracted their notice.*

NUMB. 94. THURSDAY, *Oct.* 17, 1754.

IN my paper of laſt Thurſday, I took notice how much converſation had ſuffered from the ſingular diſpoſition of mankind in our age to appear in every character except their natural one, and to conſider Pedantry as reflecting more diſgrace on the perſons tinctured with it, than any other frailty, or even immorality, incident to our nature. I am, however, far from concluding this principle (univerſal as it is) to be the only obſtruction to rational ſociety: other cauſes, diſtinct in themſelves, or operating in conjunction with it, have conſpired to reduce converſation to the ſtate we lament it in at preſent. I ſhall mention the moſt remarkable of theſe cauſes in the order they occur to me.

ONE great abuſe of converſation has viſibly ariſen from our miſtaking its end, which is, the mutual entertainment and inſtruction of each other by a friendly communication of ſentiments. It is ſeriouſly to be wiſhed that this

end

end were purſued, and that every one would contribute with freedom and good-manners to the general improvement from his particular diſcoveries. On the contrary, we are apt to conſider ſociety in no other light than as it gives us an opportunity of diſplaying to advantage our wit, our eloquence, or any other real or imaginary accompliſhment. It is our intention to procure admiration from it, not improvement, and to dazzle our companions with our own brightneſs, rather than to receive light by reflection from Them. I knew indeed an inſtance, the very oppoſite to this, in a late perſon of diſtinction, who to very great qualities had united the talents of a moſt agreeable companion. I could never perceive that he ſupported this character by any aſſumed ſuperiority over his company: it was his ſingular faculty to diſcover the genius of other men: no latent merit eſcaped his penetration, though the proprietor ſeemed induſtrious to conceal it from the world, and even from himſelf. With this advantage, he had the art to engage every member of the company on that particular ſubject, which he was capable of maintaining with eaſe to himſelf, and benefit to ſociety.

He

He himſelf at the ſame time pretended to no more than a common part in that converſation, which derived its merit entirely from his addreſs. The tendency of ſuch behaviour to enlarge knowledge, as well as to procure eſteem, cannot fail of appearing very evidently to my readers.

THERE is another defect, very cloſely connected with the abuſe above-mentioned, which has proved equally pernicious to converſation: I mean the peremptorineſs and warmth that are employed in modern conferences. Indeed, whether we write or converſe, the haughty manner, the ſelf-ſufficiency, and the contempt of our opponent that we mix with our arguments, have conſiderably prevented the advancement of truth and conviction of error. Modern diſputants by this method have ſubjected their cauſe, though perhaps founded in demonſtration, to great diſadvantages; ſince they have not only the prejudices of mankind to combat, but have imprudently intereſted their paſſions too againſt them. In debates, perhaps purely ſpeculative, a perſon is obliged not only to defend the point in controverſy, but even his underſtanding and moral character,

which are united to the queſtion by the management of his adverſary. Sir Iſaac Newton and Mr Locke, ornaments to their country, their age and human nature, have been frequently repreſented as men of weak heads and bad hearts, by perſons eſteeming themſelves nothing leſs than philoſophers. It does not indeed appear to the unprejudiced, that gravitation and coheſion have any viſible connection with ethics; that an attempt to aſcertain the powers of the underſtanding has a tendency to undermine revelation; or that theſe writers deſerved to be conſidered in any other light than as ingenious enthuſiaſts, if reaſon and univerſal experience had not confirmed their enquiries to be as true as they were beautiful. I have often thought that the reception of the Platonic philoſophy in the world may be attributed more to the manner of its delivery, than to the ſuperior excellence of it. If we except the moral part, which is divinely treated, its diſcoveries in phyſics and other branches of ſcience did not entitle it to be advanced above that of other ſects, particularly the Ariſtotelian. The difference was, that the *ipſe dixits* and dogmatical poſitions of the one, made it unpalatable;

palatable; while modeſty, politeneſs, and deference to the reaſon and dignity of mankind rendered the other lovely even to its adverſaries. They were induced by the addreſs of it to purſue the conſequences of their own opinions till they led them to abſurdity, and were not aſhamed of a concluſion which ſeemed to be the effect of their own examination. The ſame management inclined them to adopt with chearfulneſs thoſe principles, which were eſtabliſhed on the ruins of their favourite prejudices. It is a little extraordinary that the ſucceſs of this milder method of diſputation ſhould have had no greater influence on ſucceeding ages; eſpecially ſince the Divine Founder of chriſtianity has, by his own example, ſo eminently recommended the ſame practice. The errors of mankind were treated by him with the tenderneſs of a parent; and even divine truths introduced into the mind by perſuaſion rather than authority. The delivery of them in parables was excellently calculated to diveſt men of prejudices and paſſions, and to exclude the conſideration of ſelf-intereſt from the queſtion; at the ſame time that it ſhewed an indulgence to the underſtanding, by propoſing

chiefly

chiefly general truths, and leaving their particular application to ourſelves.

THE fatal influence of politics on ſociety, in a country divided into parties like our own, has been too often mentioned to require illuſtration. I ſhall obſerve only, that it has been the occaſion of excluding a variety of uſeful knowledge from converſation, even with men of the moſt moderate principles. They have been cautious of engaging on any ſubject, which might accidentally lead to that of politics; and from the natural relation of one ſcience to another, have by this means precluded themſelves from almoſt every branch of inſtructive converſation. It was obſervable at the table of a late great man, that obſcenity was too often the ſubject of diſcourſe, which he himſelf appeared not ſufficiently to diſcountenance. To ſome ſerious perſons, who took offence at his conduct, he made the following apology. "I "have attempted, ſays he, in vain to ſtart other "ſubjects, and at the ſame time preſerve the "harmony of my company. If, for inſtance, "I introduce the ſtate of ancient and modern "learning, we enter very ſoon into a compa-"riſon of the governments they have flou-

"riſhed

"riſhed under, to the diſadvantage of the pre-
"ſent one, and the perſons that conduct it.
"If the ſubject has been philoſophy, I have
"ſometimes apprehended that it would con-
"clude with laying hands on the hilts of
"ſwords, from diviſions on toleration, and
"occaſional conformity. I am therefore un-
"der the neceſſity of conniving at a ſubject, in
"which alone whig and tory, churchman and
"diſſenter, miniſterial and anti-miniſterial
"man unite together with any degree of
"chearfulneſs."

ANOTHER impediment to the revival of converſation may be aſcribed to our notion of its being intended as a relaxation from every thing ſerious, uſeful, or moral. The mind has been compared to a bow, which is ſometimes unbent to preſerve its elaſticity: and becauſe the bow is uſeleſs in a ſtate of remiſſion, we make the ſame concluſion of the human mind. Whereas the mind is an active principle, and naturally impatient of eaſe; it may loſe indeed its vigour by being employed too intenſely on particular ſubjects, but recovers itſelf again, rather by varying its application, than by continuing inactive. Hiſtory,

poetry,

poetry and the lighter parts of ſcience more agreeably relieve us from abſtracted ſtudies, than a total indolence and diſſipation. It is this continued, though varied exerciſe of the mind, in the hours of leiſure as well as of buſineſs, that ſeems to have given the ancients that ſuperiority over the moderns, which we are more ready to acknowledge, than to enquire into the reaſon of. Even Tully himſelf, if he had dedicated his retirement to thoſe amuſements that employ the modern world, might have been delivered to poſterity with no greater reputation, than what he was entitled to from the character of an eminent pleader and politician. It was in that retirement, and in the hours of converſation, that he exhauſted thoſe ſubjects of reaſon and philoſophy, which have rendered him the admiration of mankind.

I was engaged lately in converſation with ſome friends on a particular branch of writing, that of dialogue. Every one admired the eaſe of the ancients in it, and condemned the moderns as ſtiff and unnatural. I agreed in opinion with them, but thought their reflections as much a ſatire on the age as the writers. Modern dialogue appears unnatural, becauſe

the ſcenes, the perſons and the ſubjects it aſſociates, are ſeldom united in real life. It was natural for an ancient writer to repreſent Varro, Atticus, Brutus, &c. diſcuſſing ſubjects of the utmoſt importance to mankind in portico's or gardens, becauſe the great men of Rome frequently ſpent their retirement in this manner. It would ſeem the very reverſe to introduce in our days ſir Thomas requeſting my lord duke to reſume his arguments for the immateriality of the ſoul under the ſhade of a beech-tree, or entreating him to penetrate into the receſſes of the wood, that he may purſue without interruption his enquiry into the foundation of morality. The reaſon is, that diſquiſitions of this kind do not frequently engage the thoughts of our great men; or if they really think of them, they appropriate thinking to the particular apartments they call their ſtudies. When they chance to penetrate into the gloom of woods, it is in purſuit of game, not of truth. The converſation in gardens is not often of an elevated kind; and the circular ſeats round ſpreading trees uſually inſpire other thoughts than abſtracted ideas.

I SHALL

I SHALL close this subject with lamenting the injury done to society by our unnatural exclusion of the softer sex from every conversation either serious or instructive. The most enlightened ages of the world entertained juster notions of their merit: even Socrates, the father of ancient wisdom, was fond of acknowledging that he had learnt eloquence from Aspatia. I may add of the sex, that they derive some advantage over us from the very defects of their education: their minds operate with more freedom, and with the genuine simplicity of uncorrupted nature. They are not fettered, like ours, by principles and systems, nor confined to the particular modes of thinking, that prevail in colleges and schools. The liveliness too of their imagination entitles them to a place in the gravest, as well as the most chearful company; I will not even except the Symposia of philosophers: for, to conclude a little learnedly, though demonstration itself may appear principally to depend on the judgment, yet the discovery of intermediate ideas, necessary to it, is more particularly the province of invention.

NUMB. 95. THURSDAY, *Oct.* 24, 1754.

——— Medio tutissimus ibis. OVID.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE golden mean, or middle track of life, has always been esteemed the best, because it is the happiest: and I believe, upon enquiry, it will be found to be the happiest, because the people so situated are the wisest part of mankind; and being the wisest, are best able to subdue those turbulent passions which are the greatest enemies to happiness.

BUT has not a man of the first rank and fortune a greater opportunity, in proportion to that fortune, to acquire knowledge, than a man in middling circumstances? Most certainly he has; and I make no doubt but that persons of the first quality would be persons of the first understanding, if it was not for one very material obstacle, I mean FASHION.

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There are no two characters ſo entirely incompatible as a man of ſenſe and a man of faſhion. A man of faſhion muſt devote his whole time to the faſhionable pleaſures; among the firſt of theſe may be reckoned gaming, in the purſuit of which we cannot allow him leſs than a third part of the twenty-four hours; and the other ſixteen (allowing for a little ſleep) are to be ſpent in amuſements, perhaps leſs vicious, but not more profitable.

I WOULD not here be underſtood to mean, that every man of quality is a man of faſhion; on the contrary, I know of ſeveral whoſe titles ſerve to make their merits more conſpicuous: but I cannot help obſerving that the noble lord who holds the firſt place amongſt the men of wit and genius, has not been known to alter the cock of his little hat for above theſe twenty years.

IF we conſider the loweſt claſs of life but for a moment, we ſhall not be at a loſs to account for their ignorance. They have little more time from their labour than what is neceſſary for refreſhment. They work to ſupply their own neceſſities, and the luxuries of the great. Let us examine how far theſe two extremes of

life resemble each other in their recreations and diversions. John Slaughter, the butcher, trots his goose-rumped mare twelve miles within the hour for twenty guineas. My lord rides his own horse a match for five hundred. Two bricklayer's labourers play at all-fours in an alehouse on a Saturday night for their week's wages. His grace and count Basset are doing the same thing at WHITE's for all they are worth in the world. My lord, having been unfortunate in an amour, sends to the doctor at Whitehall. Tom Errand, in the same dilemma, runs away to the licentiate upon Ludgate-hill. In their taste too they are the same. It is common in our theatres for the plaudit to come at one and the same time from the boxes and the upper gallery. In their plurality of wives and mistresses, in their non-observance of religious ceremonies, and in many other particulars, which I shall forbear to mention, they seem entirely to agree.

FOR my own part, I imbibed early the love of mediocrity; and I find it growing upon me, as I increase in years: insomuch that my discourse, let the subject be what it will, is generally tinctured with it. Nay, I am even

afraid, Mr. Fitz-Adam, when I tell you ſome little anecdotes of my life, that you will accuſe me of running into the EXTREME, by adhering too cloſely and circumſtantially to the MEDIUM. For example. I gave more for my chambers than I need to have done, becauſe I would have them in the Middle Temple, a ſituation very agreeable to me, as lying in the midway between the city and the court. I have never thought myſelf ſo happy at the play-houſe, ſince Burton's box was taken down, though I always ſit in the center of the middle gallery. And to tell you the truth, I have often wiſhed myſelf ſhorter, becauſe I am ſomewhat above the middle ſtature.

THIS particular way of thinking very frequently ſubjects me to little rudeneſſes and affronts. It was but t'other night that a young gentleman of our inn, who aſpires at being lord chancellor, wiſhed me in the middle of a horſe-pond, for dwelling perhaps, a little too long on the happineſs of a middle ſtate; and it is no new thing to me at Nando's, to overhear the ſmarts, at my entrance into that coffee-houſe, crying out, "here comes old MEDIUM."

THESE, Mr. Fitz-Adam, are diſagreeable things; but then I have the ſelf-ſatisfaction of knowing that I am in the right. But I treſpaſs on your patience, and beſides, have made my letter longer than I intended: I ſhall therefore conclude abruptly with that excellent wiſh of Agur's, "Give me neither poverty "nor riches."

I am, &c.

BY way of ſupplement to the above, and to illuſtrate by example the abſurdity of running into extremes, I ſhall preſent my readers with another letter, which I received ſome time ago from a female correſpondent.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

I AM an humble couſin to two ſiſters, who though they are good-humoured, good ſort of people, and (all things conſidered) behave to me tolerably well, yet their manners and diſpoſitions are ſo extremely oppoſite, that the taſk of pleaſing them is rendered very difficult and troubleſome. The eldeſt of my couſins is a very jolly free-hearted girl, and ſo great

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an enemy to all kinds of form, that you ſeldom ſee her with ſo much as a pin in her gown; while the youngeſt, who thinks in her heart that her ſiſter is no better than a SLATTERN, runs into the contrary extreme, and is in every thing ſhe does, an abſolute FIDFAD. She takes up almoſt as much time to put on a gown, as her ſiſter does to dirt one. The eldeſt is too thoughtleſs to remember what ſhe is to do, and the youngeſt is ſo tedious in doing it, that the time is always elapſed in which it was neceſſary for it to be done. If you lend any thing to the eldeſt, you are ſure to have it loſt; or if you would borrow any thing of the youngeſt, it is odds but ſhe refuſes it, from an opinion that you will be leſs careful of it than herſelf. Whatever work is done by one ſiſter, is too ſlight to hang together for an hour's wear; and whatever is undertaken by the other, is generally too nice and curious to be finiſhed.

As they are conſtantly bed-fellows, the firſt ſleep of the eldeſt is ſure to be broke by the youngeſt, whoſe uſual time of undreſſing and folding up her clothes, is at leaſt an hour and a half, allowing a third part of that time

for hindrances, occaſioned by her elder ſiſter's things, which lie ſcattered everywhere in her way.

If they had lovers, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I know exactly how it would be: the eldeſt would loſe her's by ſaying YES too ſoon, and the youngeſt by ſaying NO too often. If they were wives, the one would be too haſty to do any thing right, and the other too tedious to do any thing pleaſing: or were they mothers, the daughters of the eldeſt would be playing at taw with the boys, and the ſons of the youngeſt dreſſing dolls with the miſſes.

I WISH, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that you would be ſo kind to theſe couſins of mine as to favour them with your advice. I have told you already, that they are both good-humoured; and if you could prevail upon the eldeſt to borrow from the youngeſt a little thought and neatneſs; and upon the youngeſt to add to her exactneſs a little of the careleſs freedom of the eldeſt, you would make Them very amiable women, and Me the happieſt of all humble couſins. I am, SIR,

Your conſtant reader,

and moſt humble ſervant,

M. A.

NUMB. 96. THURSDAY, *October* 31, 1754.

I WAS not a little ſurprized the other day at receiving a letter by the penny-poſt, acquainting me that notwithſtanding all I had ſaid in a former paper concerning the general reformation that had taken place by means of theſe eſſays, there were people amongſt us who were taking pains to undo all I had done; and that unleſs I exerted myſelf notably on a new occaſion, my labours for the good of mankind would fall ſhort of their intention. The writer of this letter proceeds to inform me, that he has lately obtained a ſight of a dramatic manuſcript (taken, as he ſuppoſes, from a ſtory in Machiavel) called BELPHEGOR, or the MARRIED DEVIL, which manuſcript, he is credibly aſſured, is intended to be offered at one of the theatres this very ſeaſon. My correſpondent inveighs greatly againſt the evil tendency of this piece, of which he has ſent me a ſhort tranſcript, intreating my publication of it, as a warning to the managers

againſt

againſt conſenting to its exhibition. The tranſcript, which conſiſts only of one ſhort ſcene, together with the introduction, is exactly as follows.

BELPHEGOR, *a heathen devil, in the diſguiſe of chriſtian fleſh and blood, makes his entrance upon the ſtage; where, after a clap of thunder, and ſeveral flaſhes of lightening, another devil of a ſmaller ſize, dreſſed like a lacquey, in a flame-coloured livery, trimmed with black and ſtuck round with fireworks, riſes from a trap door, delivers a letter to* BELPHEGOR, *and, making a very low bow, deſcends in thunder and lightening as he roſe.* BELPHEGOR *then comes forward and reads the letter, which contains theſe words.*

" FORASMUCH as our true and truſty devil " and couſin, BELPHEGOR, hath, in obedi- " ence to our commands, ſubmitted himſelf to " the torments of the married ſtate for one " whole year upon earth, thereby to inſtruct " Us in the nature of wives, and to get re- " miſſion of puniſhments for all huſbands in " theſe our realms; and We, well-knowing " the many miſeries he hath endured in this " his ſtate of fleſh, and being graciouſly " pleaſed to releaſe him from his bondage,

" have

"have ordered that the earth do open at ſix "in the evening of this preſent day, to re-"admit him to our dominions. Given at "our palace, &c.

"PLUTO."

BELPHEGOR *expreſſes great joy at reading the letter, and while he is thanking* PLUTO *for his clemency, and congratulating himſelf that his deliverance is near at hand,* HARLEQUIN *enters at the back of the ſtage, looking very diſconſolately, and bowing to* BELPHEGOR, *who, after ſurveying him with wonder, exclaims as follows.*

BEL. Hey-day! Who, in the name of PROSERPINE, have we here? Some other devil upon a frolic too, I ſuppoſe! He looks plaguy diſcontented. If thou art a devil, ſpeak to me. *(Harlequin ſhakes his head)* A Frenchman I preſume; but then he would have found his tongue ſooner. Are you married, friend?

HAR. A very miſerable fellow, ſir.

BEL. Why, ay; that ſounds a little like matrimony. But who are you? For by the knave's look, and the fool's coat, you ſhould be ſome extraordinary perſonage.

HAR. I could eat a little, ſir.

BEL.

BEL. Very likely, friend. But who are you, I say?

HAR. A poor Harlequin, ſir; married yeſterday, and now running away from my wife.

BEL. A Harlequin! What's that?

HAR. Were you never at the play-houſe, ſir? A Harlequin is a man of wit without words; his buſineſs is to convey moral ſentiments with a nod of the head, or a ſhake of the nether parts—I'll ſhew you after dinner, if you pleaſe, ſir.

(BELPHEGOR *waves his hand, and a table riſes with proviſion and wine.*)

HAR. Sir, your moſt humble ſervant. If it was not for hunger, now, I ſhould beg leave to aſk, ſir, if you are not the devil. (*Sits down and eats.*)

BEL. A devil that will do you no harm, friend.

HAR. But are you really the devil, ſir?

BEL. Have you any objection, Mr. Harlequin?

HAR. None in the leaſt, ſir; it is not my way to object to trifles. Sir, my humble duty to you. (*Drinks*) Yes, yes, ſir, you muſt be

the

the devil, or ſome ſuch great perſon. And pray ſir, if one may make bold to aſk, how go matters below, ſir? I ſuppoſe you have a world of fine company there. But I am afraid, ſir, the place is a little too ſmoaky for the ladies.

BEL. To thoſe who have not been uſed to town indeed——

HAR. To be ſure, ſir, the town is a very natural preparation. You live pretty much as we do, I ſuppoſe?

BEL. Pretty much ſo, as to the pleaſures of the place; rather leſs ſcandal among us.

HAR. And more ſinning, perhaps?

BEL. Very little difference as to that: hypocriſy we have none of: people of faſhion, you know, are above hypocriſy; and we are chiefly people of faſhion.

HAR. No doubt, ſir. A good many newcomers I reckon from England?

BEL. A good many, friend; we are particularly fond of the Engliſh.

HAR. You have them of all profeſſions, I preſume?

BEL. Lawyers we do not admit. They are good ſort of people in general, and take great pains to come among us; but I don't know how

how it is, we are apt to be jealous of them I think—and ſo they go a little lower down.

HAR. Divines of all religions, I ſuppoſe?

BEL. Rather of NO religion, friend: of thoſe we have abundance; and very much reſpected they are indeed.

HAR. Phyſicians too no doubt?

BEL. And that's a little odd; for we have no deaths among us; and yet there is no country under Heaven, I believe, ſo ſtocked with phyſicians as ours.

HAR. Any traders, pray?

BEL. A world of them, of the better ſort. The induſtry and wealth of thoſe gentlemen will always ſecure them a warm place with Us.

HAR. Atheiſts I ſuppoſe in plenty?

BEL. Atheiſts! Not that I remember. We have abundance of fine gentlemen; but I never heard that they profeſſed atheiſm below.

HAR. And pray, ſir, do any of the players make you a viſit?

BEL. I never heard that they went any where elſe. They are a little unmanageable indeed; but we have them all, from Roſcius of Rome, to Joe Miller of Drury-lane: and a fine company they are. Beſides, we have all the wits

that

that ever wrote; and then we have no licencer to be a check upon their fancies; though I don't remember that lewdneſs has been carried a degree farther than with You.

HAR. Very likely, ſir. But pray, ſir, if I may be indulged, who are your favourite ladies at preſent?

BEL. Why, indeed, among ſo large a number, it is hard to ſay which. The nuns of all nations are reckoned mighty good ſort of women; but a devil of true taſte will tell you that a thorough-bred Engliſh woman of quality will go beyond them.

HAR. You are pleaſed to compliment the Engliſh ladies, ſir. And what extraordinary buſineſs, if I may have leave to aſk, may have been the occaſion of this viſit?

BEL. Curioſity and a wife: the very two things that ſend you gentlemen upon a viſit to Us.

HAR. May be ſo. And pray, ſir, what ſtay do you intend to make?

BEL. Only this evening.

HAR. Can I do you any ſervice, ſir?

BEL. Ay; you ſhall make love to my wife?

HAR.

HAR. Her ladyſhip is from hell too, I ſuppoſe?

BEL. Going thither as faſt as ſhe can, Mr. Harlequin——But I hear her coming; walk this way, and I'll inſtruct you. [*Exeunt.*

THUS ends the ſcene; which my correſpondent inveighs againſt with ſo much bitterneſs, that when I conſider it throughout, I am almoſt of opinion that (in the faſhionable phraſe) he is *taking me in*, and that he has deſired my publication of it in order to excite curioſity, and to get the piece talked of before its apppearance upon the ſtage. And indeed this method of PUFFING by ABUSE is frequently the moſt ſucceſsful of any; for as in theſe very reformed times a wicked book is ſo rare to be met with, people will be tempted to read it out of mere curioſity.

I REMEMBER a very ſceptical pamphlet, that was no where to be ſeen but in the bookſeller's ſhop, till the author bethought himſelf of ſelecting the moſt offenſive paſſages of it, and by printing them in the Daily Advertiſer, and calling upon the clergy to confute, and the

magiſtrate

magiſtrate to ſuppreſs ſo pernicious a performance, he carried it through three impreſſions in leſs than a fortnight. If my preſent correſpondent has adopted this plan, I ſhall take care to counterwork his deſign, by giving it as my opinion, that the above ſcene (however it may be objected to by people of a particular turn) is perfectly harmleſs.

NUMB. 97. THURSDAY, *Nov.* 7, 1754.

THE following letter is written with ſuch an air of truth, that though it comes from one of thoſe unhappy creatures who have always a ſtory to tell in palliation of their infamy, I cannot refuſe giving it a place in this paper. If the artifice that undid this poor girl be a common one, it may poſſibly be leſs practiſed by being more known. All I ſhall ſay farther is, that I have made no other alteration in the letter, than to correct falſe ſpellings and a few errors in the Engliſh.

To

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

I am the daughter of very honeſt and reputable parents in the north of England; but as an account of my family does no way relate to my ſtory, I ſhall avoid troubling you with any farther particulars on that head. At the age of ſeventeen I had leave from my father and mother to accompany a neighbouring family of ſome diſtinction to town, having lived in the ſtricteſt intimacy with the young ladies of that family ever ſince I was a child.

At our arrival in town, we were viſited by a great deal of company, and among the reſt, by a young gentleman of fortune, who ſeldom paſſed a day without ſeeing us. As this gentleman's family, and that of my friends had been long acquainted, his admiſſion to us was without the leaſt ceremony; and indeed he was looked upon by the young ladies and myſelf rather as a brother than a viſitor. I had often obſerved, and I confeſs with a ſecret ſatisfaction, that his behaviour to Me, eſpecially when alone, was ſomewhat more particular than to

any

any of my companions; and I could not help placing it to his favourable opinion of me, that he was continually contriving parties abroad to amuſe and entertain us.

One afternoon, having been troubled with the head-ach in the morning, and having therefore excuſed myſelf from dining and ſupping out with the family where I lived, he called, as he had many times done, to aſk us to the play. I expreſſed my concern at the ladies being from home, but fooliſhly ſuffered myſelf to be perſuaded to go alone with him into the gallery, after having been laughed at for my objections, and told that I ought to have a better opinion of him than to think him capable of aſking me to do an improper thing.

When the play was over, we took coach to return home; but the coachman, having no doubt received his leſſon, ſtopped juſt at the door of a tavern, telling us that one of the traces was broke, and that he could go no farther. I ſuffered myſelf to be handed into the tavern, while another coach was called, which not being immediately to be had, my companion obſerved to me ſmilingly, that it was a happy accident, and as the family I lived with would

would not ſup at home, I ſhould be his gueſt that evening; and without waiting for a reply, ordered ſupper and a bottle of champaign. It was in vain that I remonſtrated againſt this propoſal; he knew, he ſaid, that my friends would not return till twelve; and there could be no kind of harm in eating a bit of chicken, and drinking a glaſs of wine where we were. I was frightened at the thoughts of what I was doing, but was indiſcreet enough to conſent. His behaviour to me all the time was the moſt reſpectful in the world. He took care to engage my attention by ſome intereſting diſcourſe, aſſuring me as often as I attempted to move, that it was quite early, and that till a coach could be had, it was to no purpoſe to attempt going.

I VERY freely confeſs, that being extremely heated at the playhouſe, I was tempted to drink a glaſs or two of wine more than I was accuſtomed to, which flurried me a good deal; and as my heart was by no means indifferent to Him who was entertaining me, the time paſſed away almoſt imperceptibly. However, recollecting myſelf at laſt, I inſiſted peremptorily upon going; when, ſeeing me in earneſt, he pulled

pulled out his watch, and, as if violently ſurprized, declared it was paſt two o'clock; adding, in the greateſt ſeeming conſternation, that it would be impoſſible for me to go home that night, and curſing his own folly for the miſchief he had brought upon me.

I WILL not attempt, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to deſcribe the confuſion I was in. Yet ſtill I inſiſted upon going home, which he endeavoured to diſuade me from, by ſaying, that he too well knew the temper of the gentleman at whoſe houſe I lived, to think of carrying me thither at ſo late an hour; that he would conduct me to a lady of his acquaintance, who ſhould wait on me home in the morning, and make an excuſe for my lying out. I anſwered him, that I would lie no where but at home; that I deteſted myſelf for going out with him, and that I would return immediately, let the hour be what it would. "Let us go firſt of all, replied "he, to the lady's, where I will leave you but "for a moment, and ſee if the family are ſit-"ting up for you; for to knock at the door "and be refuſed admittance would ruin your "reputation in the opinion of all the neigh-"bourhood." I ſtill inſiſted upon going home; and

and a coach was accordingly called and procured; but inſtead of carrying me to my friends, it ſtopped at a houſe in another ſtreet. Here I was forced againſt my will to alight. The miſtreſs of it was up; a circumſtance which I ſhould have wondered at, if I had not been frightened almoſt to death, and incapable of thinking, ſpeaking, or knowing what I did.

THE wretch, after having apologized to the lady for the diſtreſs he had brought me into, left me in great haſte, to bring me intelligence of what was doing at home. He returned in a ſhort time, and with the greateſt ſeeming concern in his countenance, told me, that he had learnt from one of the ſervants, that the family had ſupped at home; that they were exaſperated againſt me beyond forgiveneſs; that they concluded me undone; and that they had ſworn never to admit me within their doors again.

I WAS quite thunderſtruck at this intelligence, and accuſed the wretch who brought it me as the vileſt of men. He fell upon his knees, conjuring me not to think him capable of any deſign in what was done, and vowing to ſacrifice his life and fortune to reinſtate me in the good opinion of my friends. I was

obliged

obliged now to put myſelf under his protection; but refuſed going to bed, though preſſed to it by the lady of the houſe, who called herſelf his relation. Early in the morning, taking the lady along with him, he pretended to go again to my friends; but returned to me with an account that they were quite outrageous againſt me, and abſolutely determined never to ſee me again. I wrote to them in the moſt moving manner that my heart could dictate, and gave the letter to the care of this falſe friend. I wrote alſo to my parents letter after letter, but without receiving a ſyllable from them in return; ſo that I now looked upon myſelf as compleatly undone. The anxiety I ſuffered threw me into a fever, during which time the wretch hardly ever ſtirred from my bed-ſide, vowing that his life depended upon my recovery. I was ſoon indeed reſtored to my health, but never to my peace. My betrayer began now to talk to me of love; and I began fooliſhly to regard him as one that had ſuffered too much for what I could not impute to him as a crime. He ſaw, and took care hourly to improve, my too favourable opinion of him; and at length (for why ſhould I dwell

minutely on what I wiſh forever to forget?) by a thouſand ſtratagems on his ſide, and by fatal inclination on my own, irrecoverably undid me.

FROM that very day his affections began to cool: and (will it be believed when I tell it?) he grew in a very little time to hate me to that degree, that in order to get rid of me, and to make our ſeparation my own act, he confeſſed to me the whole ſcheme he had laid to get me; ſhewed me advertiſements in the papers from my friends and parents, offering rewards for my diſcovery; and returned me the letters I had written to them, every one of which he had detained.

I STOOD aſtoniſhed at his villany, and abhorred him in my ſoul. But alas! it was now too late for me to apply to friends. Ruminating one afternoon on my deplorable condition, I was ſurprized at ſeeing an elderly lady enter my chamber. She made me an apology for her viſit, and very frankly told me, that from ſome diſtant hints which ſhe had that day received from the miſtreſs of the houſe, ſhe apprehended I was fallen into bad hands; which, if true, ſhe would be glad to aſſiſt me to the

utmoſt of her power. She ſpoke this with ſo much affection and good-nature, that I made no ſcruple of telling her my whole ſtory, which ſo extremely affected her, that ſhe ſhed tears while I ſpoke, and often interrupted me with her exclamations againſt the villany of men. At the concluſion ſhe offered that moment to take me away, aſſuring me that her houſe, her purſe and her ſincereſt friendſhip ſhould always be mine. I would have fallen on my knees to thank her, but ſhe prevented me; and ordering a coach to be called, ſhe conveyed me that very evening to her country-houſe.

I STAYED there a week, and met with the moſt kind and tender treatment from her. She compelled me to accept of ſome changes of clothes and linen, and then brought me to her houſe in town; where, in leſs than four-and-twenty hours, ſhe told me, without the leaſt ceremony, that I no doubt knew for what purpoſe ſhe had taken me, and that as I could have no pretenſions to modeſty, ſhe hoped my behaviour would be ſuch as ſhould give her no occaſion to repent of her kindneſs to me. I deſired to underſtand her, and was informed

(though not in plain words) that my benefactreſs was a bawd, and that ſhe had taken me into her family for the moſt infamous of purpoſes. I trembled with amazement, and inſiſted on leaving the houſe that inſtant. She told me, I was at full liberty to do ſo; but that firſt I muſt pay her for my lodging and clothes. She ſpoke this with great eaſe and careleſſneſs, and then left me to myſelf. I ran down ſtairs with precipitation; but alas! ſcarce was I out of the ſtreet before I was ſtopt and brought back by a bailiff who had a writ againſt me. I requeſted that I might have leave to write to the gentleman from whom I had been taken: for bad as he was, I ſaid, he would not utterly deſert me. I was permitted to write as I deſired; and the wretch indeed anſwered my letter; but it was only to tell me, that as I had thought proper to run away from him, he ſhould have nothing farther to ſay to me; and that, in ſhort, I muſt either ſubmit to conditions, or go immediately with the bailiff. Frightened at the horrors of a priſon, and hoping that my ſtory might move compaſſion in thoſe to whom I was to be introduced, I conſented to do as they would have

me.

me. But alas, ſir! I was miſtaken: they liſtened indeed to my ſtory; but inſtead of melting at my misfortunes, they adored me, they ſaid, for my invention. At length, having led the life of a proſtitute for more than a month, I attempted to make a ſecond eſcape, and to fly to the hands of juſtice for protection: but I was again caught, and carried to a ſpunging-houſe; where, after remaining two days, a gentleman who had been admitted to me at that vile woman's, came to ſee me in my confinement, paid off the debt for which I was arreſted, and took me to be his miſtreſs.

But though the life I now lead is in ſome degree more ſupportable than that which I have eſcaped from, yet to one who hopes that ſhe has ſtill ſome remains of principle left, it is terrible and ſhocking. My friends know what I am, and what I have been, but they reject and hate me: and I have not the leaſt glimmering of hope ever to recover from the ſituation I am in, unleſs my ſtory ſhould merit the compaſſion of Him to whom I now ſend it, and find a place in the World. Vile as I am, I would be otherwiſe if I might. I am not old

in wickedneſs, though I have gone ſuch lengths in it; being now really and truly but juſt turned of eighteen, and having left my father's houſe no more than fifteen months ago, two of which months I lived in innocence and reputation with the moſt worthy of families.

As to him who has brought upon me all this weight of miſery, and who ſerenely and unconcernedly can reflect upon what he has done (for ſo I am ſure he does) I have nothing to fear, and nothing to hope. I can therefore have but one inducement to deſire your publication of this letter, which is, that my friends may know that I have gained that credit with a ſtranger which they have refuſed to give me, and that I am really and truly an object of compaſſion.

I am, SIR,

(though loſt to myſelf)

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant.

NUMB. 98. THURSDAY, *Nov.* 14, 1754.

IT gives me great pleaſure that I am able in this day's paper to congratulate the polite part of my fellow ſubjects of both ſexes, upon the ſplendid revival of that moſt rational entertainment, an Italian opera. Of late years it had ſeemed to ſicken, ſo that I greatly feared that the unſucceſsful efforts which it made from time to time, were its convulſive and expiring pangs. But it now appears, and indeed much to the honour of this country, that we have ſtill too many protectors and protectreſſes of the liberal arts, to ſuffer that of muſic, the moſt liberal of them all, to ſink for want of due encouragement.

I AM ſenſible that Italian opera's have frequently been the objects of the ridicule of many of our greateſt wits; and viewed in one light only, perhaps not without ſome reaſon. But as I conſider all public diverſions ſingly with regard to the effects which they may have upon the morals and manners of the public, I

confeſs I reſpect the Italian opera's, as the moſt innocent of any.

THE ſevere monſieur Boileau juſtly condemns the French opera's, the moral of which he calls

——————*Morale lubrique*
Que Lully rechauffa des ſons de ſa muſique.

But then it muſt be conſidered that French opera's are always in French, and conſequently may be underſtood by many French people; and that they are fine dramatic tragedies, adorned with all the graces of poetry and harmony of ſounds, and may probably inſpire too tender, if not voluptuous ſentiments. Can the Italian opera be accuſed of any thing of this kind? Certainly not. Were, what is called, the poetry of it intelligible in itſelf, it would not be underſtood by one in fifty of a Britiſh audience: but I believe that even an Italian of common candor will confeſs, that he does not underſtand one word of it. It is not the intention of the thing: for ſhould the ingenious author of the words, by miſtake, put any meaning into them, he would, to a certain

certain degree, check and cramp the genius of the compoſer of the muſic, who perhaps might think himſelf obliged to adapt his ſounds to the ſenſe; whereas now he is at liberty to ſcatter indiſcriminately, among his kings, queens, heroes and heroines, his ADAGIO's, his ALLEGRO's, his PATHETICS, his CHROMATICS and his JIGGS. It would alſo have been a reſtraint upon the actors and actreſſes, who might poſſibly have attempted to form their action upon the meaning of their parts; but as it is, if they do but ſeem, by turns, to be angry and ſorry in the two firſt acts, and very merry in the laſt ſcene of the laſt, they are ſure to meet with their deſerved applauſe.

SIGNOR Metaſtaſio attempted ſome time ago a very dangerous innovation. He tried gently to throw ſome ſenſe into his opera's; but it did not take; the conſequences were obvious, and nobody knew where they would ſtop.

THE whole ſkill and judgment of the poet now conſiſts in ſelecting about a hundred words (for the opera vocabulary does not exceed that number) that terminate in liquids and vowels, and rhyme to each other. Theſe words excite

ideas in the hearer, though they were not the reſult of any in the poet. Thus the word *tortorella*, ſtretched out to a quaver of a quarter of an hour, excites in us the ideas of tender and faithful love; but if it is ſucceeded by *navicella*, that ſoothing idea gives way to the boiſterous and horrid one of a ſkiff (that is a heart) toſſed by the winds and waves upon the main ocean of love. The handcuffs and fetters in which the hero commonly appears at the end of the ſecond, or the beginning of the third act, indicate captivity; and when properly jingled to a pathetic piece of recitativo upon *queſti ceppi*, are really very moving, and inſpire a love of liberty. Can any thing be more innocent, or more moral than this muſical pantomime, in which there is not one indecent word or action, but where, on the contrary, the moſt generous ſentiments are (however imperfectly) pointed out and inculcated?

I WAS once indeed afraid that the licentiouſneſs of the times had infected even the opera: for in that of Alexander, the hero going into the heroine's apartment, found her taking a nap in an eaſy chair. Tempted by ſo much

much beauty, and invited by ſo favourable an opportunity, he gently approached, and *ſtole a pair of gloves.* I confeſs I dreaded the conſequences of this bold ſtep; and the more ſo, as it was taken by the celebrated ſignor Seneſino. But all went off very well; for the hero contented himſelf with giving the good company a ſong, in which he declared that the lips he had juſt kiſſed were a couple of rubies.

ANOTHER good effect of the Italian opera's, is, that they contribute extremely to the keeping of good hours; the whole audience (though paſſionately fond of muſic) being ſo tired before they are half, and ſo ſleepy before they are quite done, that they make the beſt of their way home, too drowzy to enter upon freſh pleaſures that night.

HAVING thus reſcued theſe excellent muſical drama's from the unjuſt ridicule which ſome people of vulgar and illiberal taſtes have endeavoured to throw upon them, I muſt proceed and do juſtice to the VIRTUOSO'S and VIRTUOSA'S who perform them. But I believe it will be neceſſary for me to premiſe, for the ſake of many of my Engliſh readers, that VIRTÙ among the modern Italians, ſignifies nothing

nothing leſs than what VIRTUS did among the antient ones, or what VIRTUE ſignifies among us; on the contrary, I might ſay that it ſignifies almoſt every thing elſe. Conſequently thoſe reſpectable titles of VIRTUOSO and VIRTUOSA have not the leaſt relation to the moral characters of the parties. They mean only that thoſe perſons (endowed, ſome by nature, and ſome by art, with good voices) have from their infancy devoted their time and labour to the various combinations of ſeven notes: a ſtudy that muſt unqueſtionably have formed their minds, enlarged their notions, and have rendered them moſt agreeable and inſtructive companions; and as ſuch, I obſerve that they are juſtly ſolicited, received and cheriſhed by people of the firſt diſtinction.

As theſe illuſtrious perſonages come over here with no ſordid view of profit, but merely *per far piacer a la nobilita Ingleſe*, that is, to oblige the Engliſh nobility, they are exceedingly good and condeſcending to ſuch of the ſaid Engliſh nobility, and even gentry, as are deſirous to contract an intimacy with them. They will, for a word's ſpeaking, dine, ſup, or paſs the whole day with people of a certain condition,

condition, and perhaps ſing or play, if civilly requeſted. Nay, I have known many of them ſo good as to paſs two or three months of the ſummer at the country ſeats of ſome of their noble friends, and thereby mitigate the horrors of the country and the manſion houſe, to my lady and her daughters. I have been aſſured by many of their chief patrons and patroneſſes, that they are all *the beſt creatures in the world*; and from the time of ſignor Cavaliero Nicolini down to this day, I have conſtantly heard the ſeveral great performers, ſuch as Farinelli, Careſtini, Monticelli, Gaffarielli, as well as the ſignore Cuzzoni, Fauſtina, &c. much more praiſed for their affability, the gentleneſs of their manners, and all the good qualities of the head and heart, than for either their muſical ſkill or execution. I have even known theſe their ſocial virtues lay their protectors and protectreſſes under great difficulties how to reward ſuch diſtinguiſhed merit. But benefit-nights luckily came to their aſſiſtance, and gave them an opportunity of inſinuating, with all due regard, into the hand of the performer, in lieu of a ticket, a conſiderable bank-bill, a gold ſnuff-box, a diamond ring, or ſome ſuch

trifle.

trifle. It is to be hoped that the illuſtrious ſignor Farinelli has not yet forgot the many inſtances he experienced of Britiſh munificence; for it is certain that many private families *ſtill remember them.*

ALL this is very well; and I greatly approve of it, as I am of tolerating and naturalizing principles. But however, as the beſt things may admit of improvement by certain modifications, I ſhall now ſuggeſt two; the one of a public, the other of a private nature. I would by all means welcome theſe reſpectable gueſts, but I would by no means part with them, as is too ſoon and too often the caſe. Some of them, when they have got ten or fifteen thouſand pounds here, unkindly withdraw themſelves and purchaſe eſtates in land in their own countries; and others are ſeduced from us, by the preſſing invitations of ſome great potentate to come over to ſuper-intend his pleaſures, and to take a ſhare in his counſels. This is not only a great loſs to their particular friends, the nobility and gentry, but to the nation in general, by turning the ballance of our muſical commerce conſiderably againſt us. I would therefore humbly propoſe, that immediately upon

upon the arrival of these valuable strangers, a writ of *ne exeat regnum* should be issued to keep them here. The other modification, which I beg leave to hint at only, it being of a private nature, is, that no VIRTUOSO whose voice is below a *contralto*, shall be taken to the country seat of any family whatsoever; much less any strapping fidler, bassoon, or bass viol, who does not even pretend to sing, or, if he does, sings a rough tenor, or a tremendous bass. The consequences may be serious, but at least the appearances are not edifying.

NUMB. 99. THURSDAY, *Nov.* 21, 1754.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus;
Ridetque, si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat. Quod adest, memento
Componere æquus. HOR.

IT requires very little experience of the world to discover that mankind seldom enjoy

joy the preſent hour, but are almoſt continually employing their thoughts about the future. This diſpoſition may indeed ſerve to delude ſome people into a happineſs, which, otherwiſe, they would never know; and we ſometimes ſee men engaging in projects apparently diſadvantageous to themſelves, that they may enjoy the comfortable thought of having benefitted their families. But unfortunately this is not the general turn of mankind; and, I am afraid, ſtill leſs ſo of my countrymen than of any others: they are conſtantly looking towards the dark ſide of the proſpect, fearing every thing, and hoping nothing.

THIS unhappy diſpoſition ſeems to ſpread its baleful influence more fatally in this month, than in any other of the whole year: for beſides the colds, vapours and nervous diſorders with which individuals are afflicted, the STATE always ſuffers exceedingly during this month. I myſelf remember THIS COUNTRY UNDONE every November for theſe forty years. The truth is, that to make amends for that levity and diſſipation of thought which horſe-racing and rural ſports have occaſioned in the ſummer, every zealous Engliſhman ſits down at

this

this ſeaſon ſeriouſly to conſider the ſtate of the nation, and always, upon mature reflection, concludes that matters are ſo exceeding bad, that the buſineſs of government cannot poſſibly be carried on through another ſeſſion. The products of the preſs, either proceeding from perſons really affected by the ſeaſon, or cunningly deſigned to ſuit the gloomy diſpoſition of the buyer, all tend to increaſe this diſorder of the mind. *Serious Conſiderations*, *The Tears of Trade*, *The Groans of the Plantations*, and the like, are the titles that ſpread the ſale of pamphlets at this ſeaſon of the year; while *The Cordial for low ſpirits*, and *The Pills to purge Melancholy* have no chance for a vent, till the ſpring has given a turn to the blood, and put the ſpirits into a diſpoſition to be pleaſed.

THERE are indeed many recreations and amuſements in this metropolis, that are deſigned as ſo many antidotes to the general gloom; but though we have had this year the greateſt importation of entertainment that ever was known, I doubt, there are many inhabitants of this city who are at preſent ſo totally poſſeſſed with the ſpleen, that they do not know of half the number of dancers, ſingers, mimics

and

and beauties, which are already arrived. It is, however, comfortable to reflect on that happy revolution, which is conſtantly brought about by the Chriſtmas holidays and the lengthening of the days. Thoſe who ſeemed ſo lately to be loſt in deſpair, grow into ſpirits on a ſudden; and plays, opera's, balls, pantomimes and burletta's, diffuſe a univerſal ecſtacy.

BUT even in the midſt of this higheſt tide of ſpirits, I am ſorry to ſay it, the moſt groundleſs ſuppoſitions of what may poſſibly happen, ſhall ſpread a cloud over all our joy. The idea of an invaſion, a comet, or an earthquake, ſhall keep the whole town in an agony for many weeks. In ſhort, every apprehenſion ſhall in its turn made an impreſſion on our imaginations, except that of a FUTURE STATE.

THAT this great event ſhould not occupy thoſe minds which are totally engroſſed by the PRESENT, is not much to be wondered at; but that it ſhould be the only view towards which theſe LOOKERS-FORWARD never turn their eyes, is an inconſiſtency altogether unaccountable.

WHEN

WHEN Falſtaff's wench is ſitting upon his knee, her hint ſeems to be a little ill-timed, when ſhe adviſes him *to patch up his old body for Heaven*; and his reply is ſuitable to the place and occaſion; *Peace, good Doll; do not ſpeak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.* Mrs. Quickly was no leſs blameable on the other ſide, when finding him ſo near his end that he began to cry out, ſhe ſays, *Now I, to* COMFORT *him, bid him he ſhould not think of* GOD.

I AVOID entering ſeriouſly and particularly into this ſubject, that I may not give my paper the air of a ſermon: and inſtead of uſing arguments of a religious caſt, I deſire only to recommend a propriety and conſiſtency of thought and conduct. It is therefore that I would adviſe my readers either to throw aſide, not for this month only, but for their whole lives, this gloomy curioſity that will avail them nothing, and to enter into a free and full enjoyment of the PRESENT; or if, of neceſſity, they muſt direct their whole attention to the FUTURE, let it be to that expectation, which they may depend on with the utmoſt certainty, which will afford the moſt profitable exerciſe

for

for their inquiſitive thoughts, and which will be the only inſtance where an anxious concern for the FUTURE can poſſibly be of ſervice to them.

I HAVE been principally led into this train of thinking by a letter which I received yeſterday by the penny-poſt, and which I ſhall here communicate to my readers, as a proper concluſion of this paper.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM juſt returned from a ſhort viſit to ſome relations of mine, who live in a large old manſion houſe in the country. The gloomy aſpect of the place, the unpleaſing appearance of nature at the fall of the leaf, and the alteration of weather with the change of the ſeaſon, made me acquieſce in the received opinion, that there is really ſomething dreadful in the influence of this month of November; which, however, we who live in London, have no ſuch apparent reaſon to be affected with.

THE melancholy impreſſion which I received from the place, was greatly increaſed by the

the turn of its inhabitants. My uncle and aunt are bleſſed with a competent fortune, and two fine children; but they neither enjoy the one, nor educate the other; their whole attention being engroſſed by objects, which, in their eſtimation, are of much greater conſequence. My uncle is continually employed in computing the year in which this kingdom is to become a province to France; and my aunt is no leſs occupied in endeavouring to fix the exact time of the Millenium.

A YOUNGER brother of my uncle's, who lives in the family, and who is a very great mathematician, has been buſied many years in calculations, which, he aſſerts, are of the utmoſt importance to the world, as they affect the duration and well-being of it. He is greatly apprehenſive that, from ſir Iſaac Newton's ſyſtem, the time will come when this earth, round as it was at firſt created, will be as flat as a pancake: but long before this event can happen, it muſt certainly ſuffer a more palpable inconvenience. He has made a diſcovery that the profuſion of man conſumes faſter than the earth produces. Vaſt fleets, and enormous buildings have waſted almoſt all our oak; and

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the firs of Norway are beginning to fail. What ſhall we do, he ſays, when the coal, ſalt, iron and lead mines are exhauſted? And beſides, may it not happen before theſe events take place, that ſuch vaſt excavations, inconſiderately made, may give a pernicious inequality to the balance of the globe? Theſe arguments are ſlighted by his brother, who is more immediately alarmed for the balance of Europe; but they have great weight with my aunt, as they evince the neceſſity of a renewal, and tend to haſten, as well as prove, the eſtabliſhment of the Millenium.

A FARTHER account of the anxieties of this family may poſſibly be the ſubject of another letter: I ſhall, however, conclude this with diſcovering to you my own. I am in great pain leſt the young ſquire ſhould turn out a vulgar and imperious blockhead, from having been left all his life to ſervants; and I am ſorry to ſay, that the event which my uncle and aunt have moſt immediate reaſon to apprehend, is my couſin Mary's running away with the butler.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

A. Z.

NUMB. 100. THURSDAY, *Nov.* 28, 1754.

I HEARD the other day with great pleaſure from my worthy friend Mr. Dodſley, that Mr. Johnſon's Engliſh dictionary, with a grammar and hiſtory of our language prefixed, will be publiſhed this winter, in two large volumes in folio.

I HAD long lamented that we had no lawful ſtandard of our language ſet up, for thoſe to repair to, who might chuſe to ſpeak and write it grammatically and correctly: and I have as long wiſhed that either ſome one perſon of diſtinguiſhed abilities would undertake the work ſingly, or that a certain number of gentlemen would form themſelves, or be formed by the government, into a ſociety for that purpoſe. The late ingenious doctor Swift propoſed a plan of this nature to his friend (as he thought him) the lord treaſurer Oxford, but without ſucceſs; preciſion and perſpicuity not being in general the favourite objects of miniſters, and perhaps ſtill leſs ſo of that miniſter than of any other.

MANY

MANY people have imagined that ſo extenſive a work would have been beſt performed by a number of perſons, who ſhould have taken their ſeveral departments, of examining, ſifting, winnowing (I borrow this image from the Italian *Cruſca*) purifying, and finally fixing our language, by incorporating their reſpective funds into one joint ſtock. But whether this opinion be true or falſe, I think the public in general, and the republic of letters in particular, greatly obliged to Mr. Johnſon, for having undertaken and executed ſo great and deſirable a work. Perfection is not to be expected from man; but if we are to judge by the various works of Mr. Johnſon, already publiſhed, we have good reaſon to believe that he will bring this as near to perfection as any one man could do. The plan of it, which he publiſhed ſome years ago, ſeems to me to be a proof of it. Nothing can be more rationally imagined, or more accurately and elegantly expreſſed. I therefore recommend the previous peruſal of it to all thoſe who intend to buy the dictionary, and who, I ſuppoſe, are all thoſe who can afford it.

THE

THE celebrated dictionaries of the Florentine and French academies owe their preſent ſize and perfection to very ſmall beginnings. Some private gentlemen at Florence, and ſome at Paris, had met at each other's houſes to talk over and conſider their reſpective languages; upon which they publiſhed ſome ſhort eſſays, which eſſays were the embrio's of thoſe perfect productions, that now do ſo much honour to the two nations. Even Spain, which ſeems not to be the ſoil where, of late at leaſt, letters have either proſpered or been cultivated, has produced a dictionary, and a good one too, of the Spaniſh language, in ſix large volumes in folio.

I CANNOT help thinking it a ſort of diſgrace to our nation, that hitherto we have had no ſuch ſtandard of our language; our dictionaries at preſent being more properly what our neighbours the Dutch and the Germans call theirs, WORD-BOOKS, than dictionaries in the ſuperior ſenſe of that title. All words, good and bad, are there jumbled indiſcriminately together, inſomuch that the injudicious reader may ſpeak and write as inelegantly, improperly and vulgarly as he pleaſes, by and

with the authority of one or other of our WORD-BOOKS.

It muſt be owned that our language is at preſent in a ſtate of anarchy; and hitherto, perhaps, it may not have been the worſe for it. During our free and open trade, many words and expreſſions have been imported, adopted and naturalized from other languages, which have greatly enriched our own. Let it ſtill preſerve what real ſtrength and beauty it may have borrowed from others, but let it not, like the Tarpeian maid, be overwhelmed and cruſhed by unneceſſary foreign ornaments. The time for diſcrimination ſeems to be now come. Toleration, adoption and naturalization have run their lengths. Good order and authority are now neceſſary. But where ſhall we find them, and at the ſame time, the obedience due to them? We muſt have recourſe to the old Roman expedient in times of confuſion, and chuſe a dictator. Upon this principle I give my vote for Mr. Johnſon to fill that great and arduous poſt. And I hereby declare that I make a total ſurrender of all my rights and privileges in the Engliſh language, as a free-born Britiſh ſubject, to the ſaid Mr.

Johnſon,

Johnſon, during the term of his dictatorſhip. Nay more; I will not only obey him, like an old Roman, as my dictator, but, like a modern Roman, I will implicitly believe in him as my pope, and hold him to be infallible while in the chair; but no longer. More than this he cannot well require; for I preſume that obedience can never be expected when there is neither terror to enforce, nor intereſt to invite it.

I CONFESS that I have ſo much honeſt Engliſh pride, or perhaps prejudice about me, as to think myſelf more conſiderable for whatever contributes to the honour, the advantage, or the ornament of my native country. I have therefore a ſenſible pleaſure in reflecting upon the rapid progreſs which our language has lately made, and ſtill continues to make, all over Europe. It is frequently ſpoken, and almoſt univerſally underſtood, in Holland; it is kindly entertained as a relation in the moſt civilized parts of Germany; and it is ſtudied as a learned language, though yet little ſpoke, by all thoſe in France and Italy, who either have, or pretend to have, any learning.

THE ſpreading the French language over moſt parts of Europe, to the degree of making it almoſt a univerſal one, was always reckoned among the glories of the reign of Lewis the fourteenth. But be it remembered, that the ſucceſs of his arms firſt opened the way to it; though at the ſame time it muſt be owned, that a great number of moſt excellent authors who flouriſhed in his time, added ſtrength and velocity to its progreſs. Whereas our language has made its way ſingly by its own weight and merit, under the conduct of thoſe great leaders, Shakeſpear, Bacon, Milton, Locke, Newton, Swift, Pope, Addiſon, &c. A nober ſort of conqueſt, and a far more glorious triumph, ſince graced by none but willing captives!

THESE authors, though for the moſt part but indifferently tranſlated into foreign languages, gave other nations a ſample of the Britiſh genius. The copies, imperfect as they were, pleaſed, and excited a general deſire of ſeeing the originals; and both our authors and our language ſoon became claſſical.

BUT a grammar, a dictionary, and a hiſtory of our language through its ſeveral ſtages, were ſtill wanting at home, and importunately called for

for from abroad. Mr. Johnſon's labours will now, and, I dare ſay, very fully, ſupply that want, and greatly contribute to the farther ſpreading of our language in other countries. Learners were diſcouraged by finding no ſtandard to reſort to, and conſequently thought it incapable of any. They will now be undeceived and encouraged.

THERE are many hints and conſiderations relative to our language, which I ſhould have taken the liberty of ſuggeſting to Mr. Johnſon, had I not been convinced that they have equally occurred to him: but there is one, and a very material one it is, to which perhaps he may not have given all the neceſſary attention. I mean the genteeler part of our language, which owes both its riſe and progreſs to my fair countrywomen, whoſe natural turn is more to the copiouſneſs, than to the correctneſs of diction. I would not adviſe him to be raſh enough to proſcribe any of thoſe happy redundancies and luxuriances of expreſſion, with which they have enriched our language. They willingly inflict fetters, but very unwillingly ſubmit to wear them. In this caſe his taſk will be ſo difficult, that I deſign, as a common friend, to propoſe

in ſome future paper the means which appear to me the moſt likely to reconcile matters.

P. S. I HOPE that none of my courteous readers will upon this occaſion be ſo uncourteous, as to ſuſpect me of being a hired and intereſted puff of this work; for I moſt ſolemnly proteſt, that neither Mr. Johnſon, nor any perſon employed by him, nor any bookſeller or bookſellers concerned in the ſucceſs of it, have ever offered me the uſual compliment of a pair of gloves or a bottle of wine; nor has even Mr. Dodſley, though my publiſher, and, as I am informed, deeply intereſted in the ſale of this dictionary, ſo much as invited me to take a bit of mutton with him.

NUMB. 101. THURSDAY, *Dec.* 5, 1754.

WHEN I intimated in my laſt paper ſome diſtruſt of Mr. Johnſon's complaiſance to the fairer part of his readers, it was becauſe I had a greater opinion of his impartiality and ſeverity as a judge, than of his gallantry as a fine gentleman. And indeed

deed I am well aware of the difficulties he would have to encounter, if he attempted to reconcile the polite, with the grammatical part of our language. Should he, by an act of power, baniſh and attaint many of the favourite words and expreſſions with which the ladies have ſo profuſely enriched our language, he would excite the indignation of the moſt formidable, becauſe the moſt lovely part of his readers: his dictionary would be condemned as a ſyſtem of tyranny, and he himſelf, like the laſt Tarquin, run the riſque of being depoſed. So popular and ſo powerful is the female cauſe! On the other hand, ſhould he, by an act of grace, admit, legitimate and incorporate into our language thoſe words and expreſſions, which, haſtily begot, owe their birth to the incontinency of female eloquence; what ſevere cenſures might he not juſtly apprehend from the learned part of his readers, who do not underſtand complaiſances of that nature?

For my own part, as I am always inclined to plead the cauſe of my fair fellow-ſubjects, I ſhall now take the liberty of laying before Mr. Johnſon thoſe arguments which upon this

occaſion may be urged in their favour, as introductory to the compromiſe which I ſhall humbly offer and conclude with.

LANGUAGE is indiſputably the more immediate province of the fair ſex: there they ſhine, there they excell. The torrents of their eloquence, eſpecially in the vituperative way, ſtun all oppoſition, and bear away in one promiſcuous heap, nouns, pronouns, verbs, moods and tenſes. If words are wanting (which indeed happens but ſeldom) indignation inſtantly makes new ones; and I have often known four or five ſyllables that never met one another before, haſtily and fortuitouſly jumbled into ſome word of mighty import.

NOR is the tender part of our language leſs obliged to that ſoft and amiable ſex; their love being at leaſt as productive as their indignation. Should they lament in an involuntary retirement the abſence of the adored object, they give new murmurs to the brook, new ſounds to the echo, and new notes to the plaintive Philomela. But when this happy copiouſneſs flows, as it often does, into gentle numbers, good Gods! how is the poetical diction enriched, and the poetical licence extended!

tended! Even in common converſation, I never ſee a pretty mouth opening to ſpeak, but I expect, and am ſeldom diſappointed, ſome new improvement of our language. I remember many very expreſſive words coined in that fair mint. I aſſiſted at the birth of that moſt ſignificant word FLIRTATION, which dropped from the moſt beautiful mouth in the world, and which has ſince received the ſanction of our moſt accurate Laureat in one of his comedies. Some inattentive and undiſcerning people, have, I know, taken it to be a term ſynonimous with coquetry; but I lay hold of this opportunity to undeceive them, and eventually to inform Mr. Johnſon that FLIRTATION is ſhort of coquetry, and intimates only the firſt hints of approximation, which ſubſequent coquetry may reduce to thoſe preliminary articles, that commonly end in a definitive treaty.

I WAS alſo a witneſs to the riſe and progreſs of that moſt important verb, TO FUZZ; which if not of legitimate birth, is at leaſt of fair extraction. As I am not ſure that it has yet made its way into Mr. Johnſon's literary retirement, I think myſelf obliged to inform

him that it is at preſent the moſt uſeful, and the moſt uſed word in our language; ſince it means no leſs than dealing twice together with the ſame pack of cards, for luck's ſake, at WHIST.

NOT contented with enriching our language by words abſolutely new, my fair country women have gone ſtill farther, and improved it by the application and extenſion of old ones to various and very different ſignifications. They take a word and change it, like a guinea into ſhillings for pocket money, to be employed in the ſeveral occaſional purpoſes of the day. For inſtance, the adjective VAST and its adverb VASTLY mean any thing, and are the faſhionable words of the moſt faſhionable people. A fine woman (under this head I comprehend all fine gentlemen too, not knowing in truth where elſe to place them properly) is VASTLY obliged, or VASTLY offended, VASTLY glad, or VASTLY ſorry. Large objects are VASTLY great, ſmall ones are VASTLY little; and I had lately the pleaſure to hear a fine woman pronounce, by a happy metonymy, a very ſmall gold ſnuff-box that was produced in company, to be VASTLY pretty, becauſe it was ſo VASTLY little. Mr.

Johnſon

Johnſon will do well to conſider ſeriouſly, to what degree he will reſtrain the various and extenſive ſignifications of this great word.

ANOTHER very material point ſtill remains to be conſidered; I mean the orthography of our language, which is at preſent very various and unſettled.

WE have at preſent two very different orthographies, the PEDANTIC, and the POLITE; the one founded upon certain dry crabbed rules of etymology and grammar, the other ſingly upon the juſtneſs and delicacy of the ear. I am thoroughly perſuaded that Mr. Johnſon will endeavour to eſtabliſh the former; and I perfectly agree with him, provided it can be quietly brought about. Spelling, as well as muſic, is better performed by book, than merely by the ear, which may be variouſly affected by the ſame ſounds. I therefore moſt earneſtly recommend to my fair countrywomen, and to their faithful, or faithleſs ſervants, the fine gentlemen of this realm, to ſurrender, as well for their own private, as for the public utility, all their natural rights and privileges of miſſpelling, which they have ſo long enjoyed, and ſo vigorouſly exerted. I have really known very

very fatal conſequences attend that looſe and uncertain practice of AURICULAR ORTHOGRAPHY; of which I ſhall produce two inſtances as a ſufficient warning.

A VERY fine gentleman wrote a very harmleſs innocent letter to a very fine lady, giving her an account of ſome trifling commiſſions which he had executed according to her orders. This letter, though directed to the lady, was, by the miſtake of a ſervant, delivered to, and opened by her huſband; who finding all his attempts to underſtand it unſucceſsful, took it for granted that it was a concerted cypher, under which a criminal correſpondence, not much to his own honour or advantage, was ſecretly carried on. With the letter in his hand, and rage in his heart, he went immediately to his wife, and reproached her in the moſt injurious terms with her ſuppoſed infidelity. The lady, conſcious of her own innocence, calmly requeſted to ſee the grounds of ſo unjuſt an accuſation; and being accuſtomed to the AURICULAR ORTHOGRAPHY, made ſhift to read to her incenſed huſband the moſt inoffenſive letter that ever was written. The huſband was undeceived, or at

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leaſt wiſe enough to ſeem ſo; for in ſuch nice caſes one muſt not peremptorily decide. However, as ſudden impreſſions are generally pretty ſtrong, he has been obſerved to be more ſuſpicious ever ſince.

THE other accident had much worſe conſequences. Matters were happily brought, between a fine gentleman and a fine lady, to the deciſive period of an appointment at a third place. *The place where* is always the lover's buſineſs, *the time when* the lady's. Accordingly an impatient and rapturous letter from the lover ſignified to the lady the houſe and ſtreet *where*; to which a tender anſwer from the lady aſſented, and appointed the time *when*. But unfortunately, from the uncertainty of the lover's AURICULAR ORTHOGRAPHY, the lady miſtook both houſe and ſtreet, was conveyed in a hackney chair to a wrong one, and in the hurry and agitation which ladies are ſometimes in upon thoſe occaſions, ruſhed into a houſe where ſhe happened to be known, and her intentions conſequently diſcovered. In the mean time the lover paſſed three or four hours at the right place, in the alternate agonies of impatient

impatient and disappointed love, tender fear and anxious jealousy.

SUCH examples really make one tremble; and will, I am convinced, determine my fair fellow-subjects and their adherents, to adopt, and scrupulously conform to Mr. Johnson's rules of true ORTHOGRAPHY by book. In return to this concession, I seriously advise him to publish, by way of appendix to his great work, a genteel Neological dictionary, containing those polite, though perhaps not strictly grammatical words and phrases, commonly used, and sometimes understood, by the BEAU MONDE. By such an act of toleration, who knows but he may, in time, bring them within the pale of the English language? The best Latin dictionaries have commonly a short supplemental one annexed, of the obsolete and barbarous Latin words, which pedants sometimes borrow to shew their erudition. Surely then my countrywomen, the enrichers, the patronesses and the harmonizers of our language, deserve greater indulgence. I must also hint to Mr. Johnson, that such a small supplemental dictionary will contribute infinitely to

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the ſale of the great one; and I make no queſtion but that under the protection of that little work, the great one will be received in the genteeleſt houſes. We ſhall frequently meet with it in ladies dreſſing-rooms, lying upon the harpſicord, together with the knotting bag, and ſignor Di Giardino's incomparable concerto's; and even ſometimes in the powder-rooms of our young nobility, upon the ſame ſhelf with their german flute, their powder-maſk, and their four-horſe whip.

NUMB. 102. THURSDAY, *Dec.* 12, 1754.

Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum. HOR.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

AS an Engliſhman, I gratefully applaud the zeal you ſhew for aſcertaining our language; and am equally ready to acknowledge the uſe and even the neceſſity of the NEOLOGICAL dictionary, mentioned in your laſt paper. I muſt however beg leave ſo far to diſſent from you as to doubt the propriety of joining

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to the fixed and permanent ſtandard of our language, a vocabulary of words which periſh and are forgot within the compaſs of the year.

THAT we are obliged to the ladies for moſt of theſe ornaments to our language, I readily acknowledge; but it muſt alſo be acknowledged that it would be degrading their invention to ſuppoſe they would deſire a perpetuity of any thing whoſe loſs they can ſo eaſily ſupply. It would be no leſs an error to imagine that they wanted a repoſitory for their words after they have worn them out, than that they wiſhed for a wardrobe to preſerve their caſt-off faſhions. Novelty is their pleaſure: ſingularity and the love of being before-hand is greatly flattering to the female mind. From hence ariſes the preſent taſte for planting, and the pleaſures the ladies take in ſhewing their exotics, as giving them an opportunity of talking Greek. With what reſpectful pleaſure do their admirers gaze, while their pretty mouths troll out the Toxicodendron, Chryſanthemum, Orchis, Tragopogon, Hypericum, and the like?

FROM hence only can we account for that jargon which the French call the *Bon ton*,

which they are obliged to change continually, as ſoon as they find it prophaned by any other company but one ſtep lower than themſelves in their degrees of politeneſs. A lady armed with a new word, exults with a conſcious ſuperiority, and exerciſes a tyranny over thoſe who do not underſtand her, like the delegates of the law, with their *Capias*, *Latitat*, and *Venire facias*: but a word which has been a month upon the town loſes its force, and makes as poor a figure as the law put into Engliſh.

In order therefore to interpret every new word, and what is ſtill more important, to give the different acceptations of the ſame words, according to the various ſenſes in which they are received and underſtood in the different parts of this extenſive metropolis, I would recommend a ſmall portable vocabulary to be annually publiſhed and bound up with the almanack. It is of great conſequence that a work of this nature ſhould be duly and carefully executed, becauſe though it is very grievous to be ignorant, it is much more terrible to be deceived or miſled; and this is greatly to be apprehended from the abuſe of turning old words from their former ſignification to a

ſenſe not only very different, but often directly contrary to it. The coining a new word, that is to ſay, a new ſound, which had no ſenſe previouſly affixed to it, will probably have no other ill effect than puzzling for a while the underſtanding and memory: but what ſhall we ſay to the turn which the preſent age has taken of giving an entire new ſenſe to words and expreſſions, and that in ſo delicate a caſe as the characters of men? I remember when a certain perſon informed a large company at the polite end of the town, that, in the city, a GOOD MAN was a term meant to denote a man who was able and ready at all times to pay a bill at ſight, the whole aſſembly ſhook their heads, and thought it was a ſtrange perverſion of language. And yet theſe very perſons are not aware that the phraſes they commonly uſe would appear equally ſtrange on the other ſide Temple-bar. A SILLY FELLOW, for inſtance, would there be thought a weak young man, who had been ſo often impoſed upon that he was not worth a groat; inſtead of that, it is the moſt common term for one who poſſeſſes the very fortune, talent, miſtreſs or preferment which his deſcriber wiſhes to have. In like manner,

manner, a SILLY WOMAN implies one who is more beautiful, young, happy and good-natured than the reſt of her female acquaintance. ODD MAN is a term we frequently hear vociferated in the ſtreets, when a chairman is in want of a partner. But when a lady of quality orders her porter to let in no ODD PEOPLE, ſhe means all decent grave men, women who have never been talked of, many of her own relations, and all her huſband's.

BESIDES thoſe words which owe their riſe to caprice or accident, there are many which having been long confined to particular profeſſions, offices, diſtricts, climates, &c. are brought into public uſe by faſhion, or the reigning topic on which converſation has happened to dwell for any conſiderable time. During the great rebellion they talked univerſally the language of the ſcriptures. *To your tents, O! Iſrael*, was the well known cry of faction in the ſtreets. They beat the enemy *from Dan even unto Beerſheba*, and expreſſed themſelves in a manner which muſt have been totally unintelligible, except in thoſe extraordinary times, when people of all ſorts happened to read the Bible. To theſe ſucceeded the WITS of

CHARLES'S

CHARLES's days; to underſtand whom it was neceſſary to have remembered a great deal of bad poetry; as they generally began or concluded their diſcourſe with a couplet. In our own memory the late war, which began at ſea, filled our mouths with terms from that element. The land war not only enlarged the ſize of our ſwords and hats, but of our words alſo. The peace taught us the language of the ſecretary's office. Our country ſquires made *treaties* about their game, and ladies *negociated* the meeting of their lap-dogs. Parliamentary language has been uſed *without doors*. We drink claret or port according to the ſtate of our *finances*. To ſpend a week in the country or town is a *meaſure*; and if we diſlike the *meaſure*, we put a *negative* upon it. With the rails and buildings of the Chineſe, we adopted alſo for a while their language. A doll of that country, we called a joſs, and a ſlight building a pagoda. For that year we talked of nothing but palanquins, nabobs, mandarins, junks, ſipoys, &c. To what was this owing, but the war in the Eaſt Indies?

I WOULD therefore farther propoſe, in order to render this work compleat, that a ſupplement be

be added to it, which ſhall be an explanation of the words, figures and forms of ſpeech of the country, that will moſt probably be the ſubject of converſation for the enſuing year. For inſtance. Whoever conſiders the deſtination of our preſent expedition, muſt think it high time to publiſh an interpretation of Weſt India phraſes, which will ſoon become ſo current among us, that no man will be fit to appear in company, who ſhall not be able to ornament his diſcourſe with thoſe jewels. For my part, I wiſh ſuch a work had been publiſhed time enough to have aſſiſted me in reading the following extract of a letter from one of our colonies.

——— "The *Chippoways* and *Orundaks* are "ſtill very troubleſome. Laſt week they *ſcalped* "one of our Indians: but the *ſix nations* con- "tinue firm; and at a meeting of *Sachems* it "was determined *to take up the hatchet*, and "*make the war-kettle boil.* The French de- "ſired *to ſmoak the calumet of peace*; but the "*half-king* would not conſent. They offered "the *ſpeech-belt*, but it was refuſed. Our Go- "vernour has received an account of their pro- ceedings,

"ceedings, together with *a ſtring of wampum*, "and *a bundle of ſkins to brighten the chain.*"

A WORK of this kind, if well executed, cannot fail to make the fortune of the undertaker: for I am convinced that A GUIDE *to the* NEW-ENGLISH *tongue* muſt have as great a ſale as the Britiſh Peerage, Baronetage, Regiſter of Races, Liſt of the Houſes, and other ſuch-like nomenclators, which conſtitute the uſeful part of the modern library.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

C. D.

NUMB. 103. THURSDAY, *Dec.* 19, 1754.

I AM never better pleaſed than when I can vindicate the honour of my native country: at the ſame time, I would not endeavour to defend it prepoſterouſly, nor to contradict the eyes, the ſenſes of mankind, out of ſtark good patriotiſm.

patriotism. The fluctuating condition of the things of this world neceſſarily produces a change in manners and morals, as well as in the face of countries and cities. Climates cannot operate ſo powerfully on conſtitutions, as to preſerve the ſame character perpetually to the ſame nations. I do not doubt but in ſome age of the world the Bœotians will be a very lively whimſical people, and famous for their repartees; and that our neighbour iſlanders will be remarkable for the truth of their ideas, and for the preciſion with which they will deliver their conceptions. Some men are ſo bigotted to antiquated notions, that if they were, even in this age, to write a panegyric on old England, they would cram their compoſition with encomiums on our good-nature, our bravery, and our hoſpitality. This indeed might be a panegyric on OLD England, but would have very little reſemblance to the modern characteriſtics of the nation. Our good-nature was neceſſarily ſoured by the ſpirit of party; our courage has been a little cramped by the act of parliament that reſtrained prize-fighting; and hoſpitality is totally impracticable, ſince a much more laudable cuſtom has been introduced, and

prevailed univerſally, of paying the ſervants of other people much more than their maſter's dinner coſt. Yet we ſhall always have virtues ſufficient to countenance very exalted panegyrics: and if ſome of our more heroic qualities are grown obſolete, others of a gentler caſt, and better calculated for the help of ſociety, have grown up and diffuſed themſelves in their room. While we were rough and bold, we could not be polite: while we feaſted half a dozen wapentakes with ſirloins of beef, and ſheep roaſted whole, we could not attend to the mechaniſm of a plate, no bigger than a crown-piece, *loaded* with the legs of canary birds, dreſſed *à la Pompadour*.

LET nobody ſtart at my calling this a polite nation. It ſhall be the buſineſs of this paper to prove that we are the moſt polite nation in Europe; and that France muſt yield to us in the extreme delicacy of our refinements. I might urge, as a glaring inſtance in which that nation has forfeited her title to politeneſs, the impertinent ſpirit of her parliaments, which, though couched in very civilly-worded remonſtrances, is certainly at bottom very ill-bred. They have contradicted their monarch,

and

and croſſed his clergy in a manner not to be defended by a people who pique themſelves upon complaiſance and attentions —— But I abominate politics; and when I am writing in defence of politeneſs, ſhall certainly not blend ſo coarſe a ſubject with ſo civil a theme.

It is not virtue that conſtitutes the politeneſs of a nation, but the art of reducing vice to a ſyſtem that does not ſhock ſociety. Politeness (as I underſtand the word) *is an univerſal deſire of pleaſing others (that are not too much below one) in trifles, for a little time; and of making one's intercourſe with them agreeable to both parties, by civility without ceremony, by eaſe without brutality, by complaiſance without flattery, by acquieſcence without ſincerity.* A clergyman who puts his patron into a ſweat by driving him round the room, till he has found the cooleſt place for him, is not polite. When Bubbamira changes her handkerchief before you, and wipes her neck, rather than leave you alone while ſhe ſhould perform the refreſhing office in next room, I ſhould think ſhe is not polite. When Boncœur ſhivers on your dreary hill, where for twenty years you have been vainly endeavouring to raiſe reluctant

plantations, and yet profeſſes that only ſome of the trees have been a little kept back by the late dry ſeaſon, he is not polite; he is more; he is kind. When Sophia is really pleaſed with the ſtench of a kennel, becauſe her huſband likes that ſhe ſhould go and look at a favourite litter, ſhe muſt not pretend to politeneſs; ſhe is only a good wife. If this definition, and theſe inſtances are allowed me, it will be difficult to maintain that the nations who have had the moſt extenſive renown for politeneſs, had any pretenſions to it. The Greeks called all the reſt of the world barbarians: the Romans went ſtill farther, and treated them as ſuch. Alexander, the beſt-bred hero amongſt the former, I muſt own, was polite, and ſhewed great ATTENTIONS for Darius's family; but I queſtion, if he had not extended his ATTENTIONS a little farther to the princeſs Statira, whether he could be pronounced quite well-bred. As to the Romans, ſo far were they from having any notion of treating foreigners with regard, that there is not one claſſic author that mentions a ſingle ball or maſquerade given to any ſtranger of diſtinction. Nay, it was a common practice with them to tie kings,

queens,

queens and women of the first fashion of other countries in couples, like hounds, and drag them along their *via Piccadillia* in triumph, for the entertainment of their shopkeepers and prentices. A practice that we should look upon with horror! What would the Examiner have said, if the duke of Marlborough had hauled marshal Tallard to St. Paul's or the Royal Exchange behind his chariot? How deservedly would the French have called us SAVAGES, if we had made marshal Belliſle pace along the kennel in Fleet-street, or up Holbourn, while some of our ministers or generals called it an ovation?

The French, who attempt to succeed the Romans in empire, and who affect to have succeeded them in politeness, have adopted the same way of thinking, though so contrary to true good-breeding. They have no idea that an Englishman or a German ever sees a suit of cloaths till he arrives at Paris. They wonder, if you talk of a coach at Vienna, or of a soupe at London; and are so confident of having monopolized all the arts of civilized life, that with the greatest complaisance in the world, they affirm to you, that they suppose your

dukes and ducheſſes live in caves, with only the property of wider foreſts than ordinary, and that *les mi lords Anglois*, with a great deal of money, live upon raw fleſh, and ride races without breeches or ſaddles. At their houſes they receive you with wonder that ſhocks you, or with indifference that mortifies you; and if they put themſelves to the torture of converſing with you, after you have taken infinite pains to acquire their language, it is merely to inform you, that you neither know how to dreſs like a ſenſible man, nor to eat, drink, game, or divert yourſelf like a chriſtian. How different are our ATTENTIONS to foreigners! how open our houſes to their nobility, our purſes to their tradeſmen! But without drawing antitheſes between our politeneſs and their ill-breeding, I ſhall produce an inſtance in which we have puſhed our refinements *on the duties of ſociety*, beyond what the moſt civilized nations ever imagined. We are not only well-bred in common intercourſe, but our very crimes are tranſacted with ſuch a ſoftneſs of manners, that though they may *injure*, they are ſure never to *affront* our neighbour. The inſtance I mean, is, the extreme good-breeding that has

has been introduced into the ſcience of robbery; which (conſidering how very frequent it is become) would really grow a nuſance to ſociety, if the profeſſors of it had not taken all imaginable precautions to make it as civil a commerce, as gaming, conveyancing, toad-eating, pimping, or any of the money-inveigling arts, which have already got an eſtabliſhed footing in the world. A highwayman would be reckoned a BRUTE, a MONSTER, if he had not all manner of attention not *to frighten the ladies*; and none of the great Mr. Naſh's laws are more ſacred, than that of reſtoring any favourite bawble to which a robbed lady has a particular partiality. Now turn your eyes to France. No people upon earth have leſs of the *ſcavoir vivre* than their banditti. No Tartar has leſs *douceur* in his manner than a French highwayman. He takes your money without making you a bow, and your life without making you an apology. This obliges their government to keep up a numerous guêt, a ſevere police, racks, gibbets and twenty troubleſome things, which might all be avoided, if they would only reckon and breed up their thieves to be *good company*. I know that ſome of our

lateſt imported young gentlemen affirm that the ſieur Mandrieu, the terror of the eaſtern provinces, learned to dance of Marſeille himſelf, and has frequently ſupped with the incomparable Jelliot. But till I hear whether *he dies like a gentleman*, I ſhall forbear to rank him with the *petit-maitres* of our own Tyburn. How extreme is the politeſſe of the latter! Mrs. Chenevix has not more inſinuation when ſhe ſells a ſnuff-box of *papier machè*, or a bergamot toothpickcaſe, than a highwayman when he begs to know if you have no rings nor bank-bills.

An acquaintance of mine was robbed a few years ago, and very near ſhot through the head by the going off of a piſtol of the accompliſhed Mr. M'Lean; yet the whole affair was conducted with the greateſt good-breeding on both ſides. The robber, who had only taken a purſe *this way*, becauſe he had that morning been diſappointed of marrying a great fortune, no ſooner returned to his lodgings, than he ſent the gentleman two letters of excuſes, which with leſs wit than the epiſtles of Voiture, had ten times more natural and eaſy politeneſs in the turn of their expreſſion. In the poſtſcript,

he

he appointed a meeting at Tyburn at twelve at night, where the gentleman might *purchaſe again* any trifles he had loſt; and my friend has been blamed for not accepting the rendezvous, as it ſeemed liable to be conſtrued by ill-natured people into a doubt of the *honour* of a man, who had given him all the ſatisfaction in his power, for having *unluckily* been near ſhooting him through the head.

THE Lacedæmonians were the only people, except the Engliſh, who ſeem to have put robbery on a right foot; and I have often wondered how a nation that had delicacy enough to underſtand robbing on the highway, ſhould at the ſame time have been ſo barbarous, as to eſteem poverty, blackbroth, and virtue! We had no highwaymen, that were men of faſhion, till we had exploded plumb-porridge.

BUT of all the gentlemen of the road who have *conformed* to the manners of the GREAT WORLD, none ſeem to me to have carried TRUE POLITENESS ſo far as a late adventurer, whom I beg leave to introduce to my readers under the title of the VISITING HIGHWAYMAN. This refined perſon made it a rule to rob none but *people he viſited*; and when-

ever he deſigned an impromptu of that kind, dreſſed himſelf in a rich ſuit, went to the lady's houſe, aſked for her, and not finding her at home, *left his name* with her porter, after inquiring which way ſhe was gone. He then followed, or met her, on her return home, *propoſed* his demands, which were generally for ſome favourite ring or ſnuff-box that he had ſeen her wear, and which he had a mind to wear for her ſake; and then letting her know that he had been *to wait on her*, took his leave with a cool bow, and without ſcampering away, as *ether* men of faſhion do from a viſit with really the appearance of having ſtolen ſomething.

As I do not doubt but ſuch of my fair readers, as propoſe *being at home* this winter, will be impatient to ſend this charming ſmuggler (Charles Fleming by name) a card for their aſſemblies, I am ſorry to tell them that he was hanged laſt week.

NUMB. 104. THURSDAY, *Dec.* 26, 1754.

Seria cum poſſim quod delectantia malim
Scribere, tu cauſa es, Lector.— MART.

THIS being the day after the feſtival of Chriſtmas, as alſo the laſt Thurſday of the old year, I feel myſelf in a manner called upon for a paper ſuitable to the ſolemnity of the occaſion. But upon reflection I find it neceſſary to reject any ſuch conſideration, for the ſame reaſon that I have hitherto declined giving too ſerious a turn to the generality of theſe eſſays. Papers of pleaſantry, enforcing ſome leſſer duty, or reprehending ſome faſhionable folly, will be of more real uſe than the fineſt writing and moſt virtuous moral, which few or none will be at the pains to read through. I do not mean to reproach the age with having no delight in any thing ſerious; but I cannot help obſerving, that the demand for moral eſſays (and the preſent times have produced many

excellent ones) has of late fallen very ſhort of their acknowledged merits.

THE world has always conſidered amuſement to be the principal end of a public paper: and though it is the duty of a writer to take care that ſome uſeful moral be inculcated, yet unleſs he be happy in the peculiar talent of couching it under the appearance of mere entertainment, his compoſitions will be uſeleſs: his readers will ſleep over his unenlivened inſtruction, or be diſguſted at his too frequently overhauling old worn-out ſubjects, and retailing what is to be found in every library in the kingdom.

INNOCENT mirth and levity are more apparently the province of ſuch an undertaking as this; but whether they are really ſo or not, while mankind agree to think ſo, the writer who ſhall happen to be of a different opinion, muſt ſoon find himſelf obliged either to lay aſide his prejudices or his pen. Nor ought it to be ſuppoſed in the preſent times, when every general topic is exhauſted, that there can be any other way of engaging the attention, than by repreſenting the manners as faſt as they change, and enforcing

enforcing the novelty of them with all the powers of drawing, and heightening it with all the colouring of humour. The only danger is, leſt the habit of levity ſhould tend to the admiſſion of any thing contrary to the deſign of ſuch a work. To this I can only ſay, that the greateſt care has been taken in the courſe of theſe papers to weigh and conſider the tendency of every ſentiment and expreſſion; and if any thing improper has obtained a place in them, I can truly aſſert that it has been only owing to that inadvertency which attends a various publication; and which is ſo inevitable, that (however extraordinary it may ſeem to thoſe who are now to be told it) it is notorious that there are papers printed in the Guardian which were written in artful ridicule of the very undertakers of that work, and their moſt particular friends.

In writings of humour, figures are ſometimes uſed of ſo delicate a nature, that it ſhall often happen that ſome people will ſee things in a direct contrary ſenſe to what the author and the majority of readers underſtand them. To ſuch, the moſt innocent irony may appear

irreligion

irreligion or wickedneſs. But in the miſapprehenſion of this figure, it is not always that the reader is to blame. A great deal of irony may ſeem very clear to the writer, which may not be ſo properly managed as to be ſafely truſted to the various capacities and apprehenſions of all ſorts of readers. In ſuch caſes the conductor of a paper will be liable to various kinds of cenſure, though in reality nothing can be proved againſt him but want of judgment.

HAVING given my general reaſons againſt the two frequent writing of ſerious papers, it may not be improper to ſpeak more particularly of the ſeaſon which gave riſe to theſe reflections, and to ſhew that as matters ſtand at preſent, it would not even be a ſanction for ſuch kind of compoſitions. Our anceſtors conſidered Chriſtmas in the double light of a holy commemoration, and a chearful feſtival; and accordingly diſtinguiſhed it by devotion, by vacation from buſineſs, by merriment and hoſpitality. They ſeemed eagerly bent to make themſelves and everybody about them happy. With what punctual zeal did they wiſh one another

another a *merry Chriſtmas?* and what an omiſſion would it have been thought, to have concluded a letter without *the compliments of the ſeaſon?* The great hall reſounded with the tumultuous joys of ſervants and tenants, and the gambols they played ſerved as amuſement to the lord of the manſion and his family, who by encouraging every art conducive to mirth and entertainment, endeavoured to ſoften the rigour of the ſeaſon, and mitigate the influence of winter. What a fund of delight was the chuſing King and Queen upon Twelfth-Night? and how greatly ought we to regret the neglect of mince-pyes, which, beſides the idea of merry-making inſeparable from them, were always conſidered as the teſt of ſciſmatics! How zealouſly were they ſwallowed by the orthodox, to the utter confuſion of all fanatical recuſants! If any country gentleman ſhould be ſo unfortunate in this age as to lie under a ſuſpicion of hereſy, where will he find ſo eaſy a method of acquitting himſelf, as by the ordeal of plumb-porridge?

To account for a revolution which has rendered this ſeaſon (ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed formerly

formerly) now ſo little different from the reſt of the year, will be no difficult taſk. The ſhare which devotion had in the ſolemnization of Chriſtmas is greatly reduced; and it is not to be expected that thoſe who have no religion at any other part of the year, ſhould ſuddenly bring their minds from a habit of diſſipation to a temper not very eaſy to be taken up with the day. As to the influence which vacation from buſineſs and feſtal mirth have had in the celebration of the holidays, they can have no particular effect in the preſent times, when almoſt every day is ſpent like an anniverſary rejoicing, when every dinner is a feaſt, the very taſting of our wines hard drinking, and our common play gaming. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that there is nothing remaining in this town to characterize the time, but the orange and roſemary, and the bellman's verſes.

THE Romans allotted this month to the celebration of the feaſt called the Saturnalia. During theſe holidays every ſervant had the liberty of ſaying what he pleaſed to his maſter with impunity.

Age

——Age libertate Decembri,
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere.——

I wiſh with all my heart that the ſame indulgence was allowed to ſervants in theſe times, provided that it would be a reſtraint upon their licentiouſneſs through the reſt of the year.

THE moſt fatal revolution, and what principally concerns this ſeaſon, is the too general deſertion of the country, the great ſcene of hoſpitality. Of all the follies of this age, it is the leaſt to be accounted for, how ſmall a part of ſuch as throng to London in the winter, are thoſe who either go upon the plea of buſineſs, or to amuſe themſelves with what were formerly called the pleaſures of the place. There are the theatres, muſic, and I may add many other entertainments, which are only to be had in perfection in the metropolis: but it is really a fact, that three parts in four of thoſe who crowd the houſes which are already built, and who are now taking leaſes of foundations which are to be houſes as faſt as hands can make them, come to town with the ſole view of paſſing their time over a card-table.

To

To what this is owing I am at a loſs to conceive; but I have at leaſt the ſatisfaction of ſaying, that I have not contributed to the growth of this folly: nor do I find, upon a review of all my papers, that I have painted this town in ſuch glowing and irreſiſtible colours, as to have cauſed this forcible attraction. I have not ſo much as given an ironical commendation of crowds, which ſeem to be the great allurements; nor have I any where attempted to put the pleaſures of the town in competition with thoſe of the country. On the contrary, it has been, and will be my care during the continuance of this work, to delineate the manners and faſhions of a town life ſo truly and impartially, as rather to ſatisfy than excite the curioſity of a country reader, who may be deſirous to know what is doing in the world. If at any time I ſhould allow the metropolis its due praiſes, as being the great mart for arts, ſciences and erudition, I ought not to be accuſed of influencing thoſe perſons who pay their viſits to it upon very different conſiderations: nor can any thing I ſhall ſay, of the tendency above-mentioned, be pleaded in excuſe for coming up to town merely to play at cards.

P. S.

P. S. It would be dealing ungratefully by my correſpondents, if at the cloſe of this ſecond year, I forgot to acknowledge the many obligations I owe them. It may alſo be neceſſary to add, that ſeveral letters are come to hand, which are not rejected, but poſtponed.

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End of the Third Volume.